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THE REPUBLICAN.

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AUTO STRIKES BUGGY 3 GIRLS TOSSED OUT

Miss Barbara Rosenhoover Painfully Bruised.

TWO MORE FORTUNATE

Sisters, Misses Elizabeth and Margaret, Escape—Collision Occurred at Bush Arcade Corner as Young Ladies were Driving Home.

Misses Barbara, Elizabeth and Margaret Rosenhoover were tossed out of a buggy late Monday afternoon as a result of a collision with an automobile driven by John Yearick. The accident happened at the Bush Arcade corner at the intersection of High and Water Streets. Miss Barbara Rosenhoover sustained the most serious injuries of the three young ladies. She was painfully injured about the neck and back. Miss Margaret Rosenhoover was bruised about the face. That all three young ladies escaped without more serious injury seems almost a miracle.

Shortly before 6 o'clock the Misses Rosenhoover started to drive to their home nearby town and had just turned into Water Street when John Yearick's automobile suddenly loomed up before them. Mr. Yearick was at the wheel. His car was moving too rapidly for him to avoid a collision. He did his best to pass the buggy but was not entirely successful. The car struck the left shaft of the buggy with such force that the horse was liberated from the harness, and the three young ladies were thrown out. Miss Barbara Rosenhoover experienced the hardest fall. Miss Margaret Rosenhoover found herself seated upon the hood of the Yearick automobile. It all happened so quickly that the young ladies did not have time to jump from buggy.

Miss Barbara Rosenhoover, aside from painful bruises to her neck and back, suffered considerably from shock. She has since been confined to her bed.

Rather Expensive Fun.

Edward Beaufort, of Blairsville, a carpenter at the new penitentiary, was before Squire Horace Musser Tuesday evening charged with assault and disorderly conduct on a bus of the Emerick line at Pleasant Gap several weeks ago. Beaufort, according to witnesses, was drinking on the night in question and created a scene while in the bus. On leaving he grabbed the coat of the bus driver, tearing it from top to bottom. Beaufort, following the hearing, expressed a desire to settle the case rather than have it go over for court. The costs, etc. amounted to something like $35, which Beaufort said was more than he could produce. He was asked if on the night in question he had not boasted that he was rich.

"Oh, I suppose so", replied Beaufort. "I was drinking. That's about the only time a fellow thinks he's rich."

He was returned to jail pending further efforts to raise sufficient money to settle the case.

Team Off for Pittsburgh.

The Penn State football eleven, together with coaches and a bunch of substitutes, departed on the morning train yesterday for Pittsburgh. Every man on the Varsity team was reported to be in good shape for today's big battle with the University of Pittsburgh. On a trip of this kind the coaches give the players the closest attention and guard against every possible emergency. For instance, on the train carrying the Penn State eleven yesterday were shipped a number of large demijohns of distilled water, while another demijohn of water was taken into the coach in which the players traveled. A change in the drinking water to which the players are accustomed is always regarded as dangerous. Hence the shipment of the large bottles of water from State College to Pittsburgh for use before and during today's game.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John Miller, Margaret Jones,	Philipsburg "
Russell H. Kunes, Ella Mann,	Blanchard Beech Creek
Alfred N. Yearick, Lulu Mae Evers,	Zion "
Bernard W. Neff, Carrie Nolan,	Bellefonte "
Dean Shope, Helen Kreamer,	Milesburg Bellefonte
Samuel Nomer, Gertrude Harrington.	Clarence "
Abraham L. Ryves, Sadie Ellen Robinson,	Philipsburg "

BOY SHOT IN ABDOMEN; WILL LIKELY RECOVER

John Campbell, of Julian, Victim of Sad Accident.

EXAMINING NEW GUN

Friends Thought All Shells had been Removed from Automatic Revolver but One Remained and Bullet Went Through Youth's Body.

Fifteen years old John Campbell, son of George Campbell, of Julian, was accidentally shot in the abdomen last Friday evening. The bullet passed through the abdomen and came out of the upper thigh. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital in a most critical condition. He has since then improved considerably and there is every reason to hope for his early recovery.

It seems that Charles Harrington, of Julian, had but recently purchased a new automatic Colt revolver. He had the revolver with him on the evening in question while at the home of Frank Gillon, at Julian. They had planned shooting some hogs at the Gillon place preparatory to butchering. The new revolver was naturally inspected with more or less interest by the party. Harrington removed all of the shells, as he thought, and then passed the revolver to Gillon. The latter was in the act of examining it when there was a loud report.

Young Campbell, who had been standing nearby, suddenly dropped to the ground. Unknown to Harrington and Gillon the revolver still contained one shell when the latter began to handle it. The bullet from this shell pierced young Campbell in the lower part of the abdomen. It all happened so quickly that Harrington and Gillon could hardly realize that a remaining shell had been left in the revolver. The injured boy was carried into the Gillon home and a physician summoned. He was then hurried to the Bellefonte hospital and given every attention possible. After being in suspense for some time the family and friends of the boy received the comforting news that he would in all likelihood recover.

Centre Countians Wed.

C. Raymond Billet and Miss Jennie L. Irwin, former residents in Nittany Valley, but both living in Pitcairn for some time past, were united in marriage in the United Bresbyterian church at Pitcairn on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Sherrard in the presence of a number of friends of the contracting parties. The groom is a graduate of the Lock Haven Normal School, class of 1908, and at present is engaged in the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. at Pittsburgh. His bride is a former school teacher, one who met with considerable success. She taught for a time in Patton Township and later in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. She is a graduate of Curry College and also Laird Institute. Mr. and Mrs. Billet will be at home to their friends after December 1st 661 Sixth Street, Pitcairn.

Howard Couple Married.

William Holter and Miss Julia Kline, both of Howard, were married at Lock Haven last Saturday afternoon. Rev. Charles N. Shindler, pastor of St. John's English Lutheran church, of Lock Haven performed the ceremony in the Lutheran parsonage. The groom is a popular young school teacher. His bride is popular and highly esteemed among a wide circle of friends, all of whom wish her the greatest happiness and prosperity.

Postoffice Robbed.

The East Altoona postoffice was robbed early last Monday morning. The safe was blown open and $77.22 in stamps and $22.78 in money stolen. It is suspected that the thieves are the same band which robbed a manufacturing plant office in Alfarata, Huntingdon County, last week. A small bottle containing nitro-glycerine was found along the railroad tracks near-by the East Altoona postoffice.

Governor's Secretary Dead.

James S. Hiatt, private secretary to Governor Brumbaugh, died at Harrisburg last Saturday night. He had been in ill health for some months. His death was due to a complication of diseases. He was a resident of Philadelphia and was about 37 years old.

Centre County Dinner.

The directors and officers of the Centre County Association of Philadelphia held a meeting on Tuesday afternoon and decided upon Thursday, January 27th, 1916, as the date for the next mid-winter dinner..

P. H. Gherrity for Postmaster.

Patrick H. Gherrity, of the South Ward, has been formally recommended by the Democratic leaders here for appointment as Postmaster of Bellefonte. It is expected that his name will be sent to the Senate by President Wilson for confirmation perhaps as soon as Congress convenes. Confirmation is likely to follow immediately.

Just when Mr. Gherrity will take charge of the office, assuming that there is no slip in the program for his appointment, is not known definitely. Some rather anticipate that he will begin his new duties with the first of the year. The regular term of Postmaster Harry C. Valentine will not expire until the latter part of February or early in March. Until recently the belief was general that he would not be disturbed before the expiration of his full four years. Now this is by no means a certainty.

The salary of the Bellefonte postmaster is $2500 per year. Mr. Gherrity has for years been a strong Democratic factor in the South Ward He is genial and popular and has many warm friends who will be pleased if he is successful in his aspirations to succeed Postmaster Valentine.

STIRRING ADDRESSES

Large Crowds Greet Evangelist Starke at Methodist Church.

Evangelist Lee Starke, of New York, is drawing large crowds every evening at the Methodist church. The attendance is not only large, but practically all who attend are enthusiastic over the plain, practical, powerful, and fearless preaching of Starke. All seem to feel that much and lasting good is being done. It has been stated that these are among the most successful revival meetings that have been conducted in the Methodist church for years, and fear is being expressed that the church will not be able to hold all the people who desire to hear this noted evangelist during the last days of the meetings.

The evangelist's talk to "Sweethearts" on Saturday night was one of the most beautiful discourses to young women ever heard in Bellefonte, and should have been heard by every girl in the county. Many requests have been made to the evangelist to repeat this talk before he leaves Bellefonte.

The evangelist will conclude his work in this town Sunday, with three monster meetings, at 11 A. M. the subject is to be, "Seeing Jesus," at 3 P. M. he is to talk to men only, taking for his topic, "Man Wreckers." and at 7 P. M. the subject of his farewell address to the people of Bellefonte is, "The Second Coming of Christ." To-night the evangelist is to take for his Thanksgiving Message, "Ye Are Not Your Own" On Friday Night, "I Love You." and on Saturday night, "Does it Pay to Follow Christ?." Mr. Starke will talk for about twenty minutes, after which the meeting will be thrown open for testimony, and all Christians are urged to be present and witness for Christ. Preparations are being made to accommodate the great crowds who desire to hear the evangelist during his last days in Bellefonte. It is the general opinion of the pastor and people that Mr. Starke has done a great and lasting work for the cause of Christianity in this community, and many regret that because of previous engagements he cannot remain longer in our community this year.

Care of Farm Engines.

Efficiency demands that the farmer give his gasoline engine a little extra attention during cold weather. It is not uncommon for the water in the water-jacket of the engine to freeze and crack the cylinder or cylinder head, an accident necessitating replacing these parts. The surest method of preventing the freezing of water in jackets is to drain it off whenever there is the slightest possibility of a drop in temperature to the freezing point while the engine is standing idle. Another safeguard against freezing as recommended by R. A. Andree, of the Pennsylvania State College, consists in adding three and one-half pounds of calcium chloride to each gallon of water in the hopper. This chemical is cheap and easily obtained and the mixture thus made is proof against freezing to 10 degrees below zero. Four pounds to a gallon prevents freezing to 20 degrees below zero.

To start an engine easily in cold weather it may be necessary to warm the gasoline slightly. This can be done by pouring hot water into the hopper or over the carbureter, or by soaking a rag (not cotton waste) with gasoline and holding it over the air intake while the engine is being cranked. It is well to wait about a minute after the charge is taken into the cylinder before cranking the engine, to give the fuel a little chance to volatilize.

Cold lubricating oil becomes thick and stiff, in which case the oil cup should be opened wide when starting.

If batteries are used for ignition a little trouble from weak spark may arise, as chemical action is apt to be very sluggish in cold weather. Trouble with weak spark may be overcome by keeping the battery in a warm room for a few hours.

Thanksgiving turkeys have been selling the last few days at from 18 to 22c a pound, live weight.

John Thomas Dead.

John Thomas, colored, well known and held in high esteem by many friends died last Sunday evening at his late home in Tyrone. His death was due to a complication of diseases. The deceased was born in slavery, at Macon, Georgia, October 10, 1835. Following the signing of the emancipation proclamation he made his way north and joined the Union army. At the close of the war he located in Philadelphia, finally drifting to Bellefonte where he resided for some years. Subsequently he removed to Tyrone. He was twice married. His second wife and also these children survive: Lewis, Walter, Emma and Ada, of Tyrone: Mrs. Mary Parker, of Lancaster; Miss Elizabeth, of near Philadelphia; also a step-daughter, Mrs. Hettie Russell, of Boston. The body was brought to Bellefonte for interment. Funeral services were held on Tuesday from St. Paul's A. M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Norton officiating.

J. H. Sellers Dead.

The home of James H. Sellers, of Fifth avenue, Ford City, was darkened last Tuesday morning, when Mr. Sellers after nine months illness died. He formerly resided at Pleasant Gap, removing to Ford City two years ago. He was aged sixty years, seven months and thirteen days. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Sellers and children, S. B. Sellers Ford City, Mrs. W. C. Vensel, Ford City, Mrs. T. T. Hilty, Apollo, W. D. Sellers, Butler, John Sellers, Ford City. Meshick, Henry, and Leona at home. Mrs. Bert Griffiths is a foster sister. Surviving also is a sister, Mrs. Saxon, of Scotia. Funeral services were held on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. Sellers was one of the best known and highly respected citizens of Ford City and his demise while not unexpected has occasioned sorrow among many admiring friends.

Organized Boosters Club.

The Y. M. C. A. have organized a boosters club among the patrons of the Star Course series for the purpose of giving every one an opportunity to hear Edwin Whitney, one of the famous Whitney brothers, who will give "The Messenger from Mars" on December 3d. He is a great reader, actor and entertainer. There are a number of persons who do not care to patronize each number of the Star Course series but who will no doubt like to take advantage of the special ones. This will be an educational number and any one wishing tickets at a special price can get them from members of the club, who are Mr. Orr, president; Mr. Gates, Mr. Ardery, Dr. Helfrich, Mr. Hicklen, Mr. Harbold, Professor Wagner, Mr. Lucas, Mrs. D. I. Willard, Miss Rhoads, Mrs. Brouse, Miss Wetzel and Mr. Hazel.

Argued Interesting Case.

An interesting case, particularly from a legal viewpoint, was heard in argument court this week before Judge Johnson, of Union County. The case was that of Warfield vs. the Cato Coal Company. Charles P. Hewes, of Erie, appeared as counsel for the estate of the late Frank Warfield. Max Liveright, of Clearfield County, and John Blanchard were counsel on behalf of the Cato Coal Company. The case abounded with motions of various kinds, many of which were held under advisement by Judge Johnson, so that the latter's opinion may not be handed down for some time. In order to finish the case before Thanksgiving a night session of court was held on Tuesday.

Ephraim Fisher Dead.

Ephraim Fisher, of near Howard, who for some months past had resided alone in a cabin on the top of the Sugar Valley mountains, was found dead while seated in a chair in the cabin last Friday evening. He had not been seen moving about since the previous Tuesday and on Friday Asher Welshans and John Cooper went to the cabin to investigate. They found Fisher cold in death. His body was removed to his former home near Howard for burial.

ARRESTED AT HOWARD FOR STEALING HORSE

William Ronan, of Altoona, Held on Serious Charge.

TEAM IS RECOVERED

After Taking Horse and Buggy Young Man Drove from Altoona to Bellwood, Tyrone, Bellefonte and Howard, Where He was Arrested.

William Ronan, aged about 28 years, came to grief last Saturday because he drifted away with a horse and buggy belonging to J. C. Burns, of Altoona. Ronan was caught Saturday evening at Howard and later was brought to jail in Bellefonte. Special Officer B. F. Miller, of Altoona, came to Bellefonte on Sunday and took Ronan back with him to face a hearing on Monday on the charge of horse stealing.

The owner of the horse and buggy had promised to loan the outfit to a friend at Altoona last Friday. When he learned that the horse and buggy were missing on Friday evening he supposed his friend had taken the team. Later that evening he happened to meet his friend and was informed that the latter had not seen the horse and buggy.

Mr. Burns thereupon informed the police of Altoona and they sent word to Bellefonte and other nearby points. It developed that Ronan had been in Bellefonte and had the horse fed at a livery barn, afterward resuming his journey toward Lock Haven. He stopped over at Howard, intending to remain but a short time, but the description sent ahead by the Bellefonte police enabled a Howard liveryman to identify the man and also the team. Chief of Police Dukeman went to Howard and arrested Ronan and after lodging him in jail here notified Mr. Burns at Altoona.

It seems that after Ronan took the horse and buggy he drove to Bellwood, then to Tyrone and next to Bellefonte. He remained here but a short time and supposedly was heading for Williamsport when he was taken into custody. Following the hearing Ronan gave bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at the next term of court in Blair County.

May Inspect Merchandise.

Conferences are being held at the department of agriculture at Harrisburg this week in regard to the course to be pursued under an opinion given to Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust by Deputy Attorney General W. M. Hargest that all goods sold on the shelves of Pennsylvania stores, are subject to state inspection. The opinion gives the state authority in spite of labelling of goods in accordance with the National food and drugs act, the right of inspection and may also prosecute if the goods are not in accord with state law.

"The opinion is of far reaching importance and will clear up matters which have been hanging fire for some time," said Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust. "We have had a number of questions arising in the last few weeks and it has been contended that the national law stops state inspection."

The opinion is of interest because of the contention of some out of the state manufacturers that articles were shipped into Pennsylvania in original packages and because the decision is opposite to what had been held in some other states, notably in Indiana.

Sure Some Turkey.

A Port Matilda correspondent writes that on the Saturday morning following the recent election Willis Woodring went out hunting and after traveling about ten miles he came across a big turkey with its head down bemoaning the defeat of Judge Orvis. Willis fired two dozen shots at the turkey but couldn't even make it budge. He had no more shells so whipping out his barlow knife he sharpened the edge on a nearby rock and then started after the turkey. The same Port Matilda cablegram says that it took Willis exactly thirty minutes to fight the turkey to a terrible death.

Buys Danville Plant.

Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, is at the head of a syndicate which this week purchased the plant of the Danville Structural Tubing Co., at Danville. A new plant to cost upward of $600,000, and to give employment to 1000 men, will be erected. The company will manufacture war munitions. It is stated that sufficient orders are on hand to keep the plant going full time for two years.

Let us do your job work. Prices reasonable.

ACCOUNTS SHOW COST OF RECENT CAMPAIGN

Lucky and Unlucky Candidates Relate Expenditures.

OTHERS STILL TO COME

Contributions to Campaign Funds Represent Major Part of Each Candidate's Expense—All Accounts Must be Filed this Month.

As required by law candidates who were successful as well as those who fell by the wayside in the recent campaign in the county are filing their expense accounts in the office of the Prothonotary. The statements filed thus far show moderate expenses incurred in getting over the county after the elusive votes. Quite a number have not filed their accounts and need not do so until the last day of the month.

Just what the judgeship campaign cost the two candidates will not be known until they offer their accounts for filing. As with other accounts, these will be filed with the Prothonotary.

The account of Register Frank Smith shows expenditures of $220.80, a part of which was a contribution to the Democratic County Committee. The account of Prothonotary D. R. Foreman set forth expenditures of $412.45, that of Recorder Frances Speer gave a total of expenditures of $510. County Commissioner D. A. Grove's expenses amounted to $167.23. District Attorney-elect James C. Furst's expenses were $143. County Commissioner elect Isaac Miller's expenses amounted to $96.75. As with Register Smith, the major portion of each candidate's expenses represented his contribution to the campaign fund of his respective party.

Theatre Company Stranded.

The Maylin & Van Musical Comedy Co., which was showing in Lock Haven when the Opera House recently was partly destroyed by fire, stranded several days ago while in Elk County. It was hard luck for members of the troupe to lose some of their costumes and other effects. Plans for holding a closing entertainment in the Lock Haven Court House were upset by an order from the Commissioners of Clinton County, who refused to allow the building to be used for that purpose. The company started out the next week in the hope of encountering better success, only to have a cold-blooded opera house manager in Elk County cancel the week's engagement because the attractions were not up to standard. Things went from bad to worse and finally the company disbanded. Three of the girls were aided by the police and citizens of Elk County with sufficient funds to get them to Williamsport. There other sympathizing persons took up a collection and purchased tickets for the three to Sunbury. The three girls were in the hardest kind of hard luck and were dependent entirely on charity to enable them to get back to New York where they hoped to secure engagements with other companies.

Sausage Must Be Genuine.

Over a score of arrests have been ordered in the last few days by State Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust because people sold bologna and sausage which was anything but in accord with the state laws. This is the season of the year when sausage is very popular and the sales are larger than at any time because every one wants to try the product. Bologna is also very much in demand.

The agents of the state have turned up instances wherein the sausage was found to contain considerable flour costing a few cents a pound and water costing nothing instead of all meat and the other things that go to make it so tasty. In one instance thirty per cent of flour was discovered.

Orchard Demonstrations.

State Zoologist Surface has scheduled the following model orchard demonstrations for Centre County: Monday, November 29th at the ordhard of A J. Gephart at Millheim; Tuesday November 30th, at the orchard of Newton C. Neidigh near State College. The State department demonstrator will be J. C. Wilson.

To Publish Signers.

The W. C. T. U. of Bellefonte announces that as was done last year, the names of signers to liquor licence applications will be published this year. Clerks have been busy for several days copying off the names at the Court House.

COMPENSATION LAW

Information Regarding New Law Becoming Effective January 1st.

J. W. Leech, a member of the Workmen's Compensation Board of Pennsylvania, has prepared the following compilation of the new compensation law for the information of employers and employes who have not received notice of article three of the law and are therefore subject to its provisions:

The Law—Passed June 2, 1915; goes goes into effect January 1, 1916.

ALL ACCIDENTS.

In Penusylvania in "course of employment" causing disability for more than 14 days—or death in 300 weeks, (except when intentionally self inflcted or caused by a third person for personal reasons.)

EMPLOYES EXCEPTED.

Domestic servants, agricultural workers, casual workers and home workers.

COMPULSORY.

On all state, county, city, borough, township, school "or any other governmental authority created by the laws of this commonwealth."

OPTIONAL.

With all other employers and all employes.

NO COMPENSATION.

Allowed for first 14 days, but employer must furnish reasonable medical services; not to exceed $25 unless major surgical operation is necessary when $75 is the maximum.

NON-FATAL INJURIES.

Rate is 50% average weekly wages. Time to run varies with disability. Total amount not to exceed $4,000.

Compensation not to be over $10 nor less than $5 per week, unless wages are less than $5 per week then full wages are to be paid.

(a) Total Disability—50% wages to end of total disability, not to exceed 500 weeks.

(b) Partial Disability—50% loss in earning power (difference between wages before, and after accident) to end of partial disability, not to exceed 300 weeks

(c) Permanent Injuries—50% of wages for 175 weeks for loss of hand; 215 weeks for loss of arm or leg; 150 weeks for loss of foot; 125 weeks for loss of eye.

Note—Loss of any two such members not constituting total disability the sum of periods for each. Loss of both eyes, hands, arms, feet or legs equals total disability.

FATAL INJURIES.

Rate varies with number of dependents. Time 300 weeks. (*)

Compensation not to be over $10 nor less than $5 per week.

Reasonable expenses of last sickness and burial not to exceed $100 must be paid to dependent, if any, if not then to personal representatives.

(a) If there be neither widow nor dependent widower and 1 or 2 children survive, 25% wages to children for 300 weeks; 3 children survive, 35% wages to children for 300 weeks; 4 children survive, 45% wages to children for 300 weeks; 5 children survive, 55% wages to children for 300 weeks; 6 or more children survive, 60% wages to children for 300 weeks.

(b) If a widow or widower survive and 0 children 40% wages to widow or widower for 300 weeks; 1 child 45% wages to widow or widower for 300 weeks; 2 children 50% wages to widow or widower for 300 weeks; 3 children 55% wages to widow or widower for 300 weeks; 4 or more children 60% wages to widow or widower for 300 weeks.

(c) If there be neither widow, widower nor children, and parents survive, 20% wages to parents or survivor, for 300 weeks if dependent to any extent upon employe.

(d) If there be neither widow, widower, children nor dependent parent and brothers and sisters actually dependent survive, 1 brother or sister 15% wages to brother or sister for 300 weeks; 2 brothers or sisters 20% wages to them for 300 weeks; 3 or more brothers or sisters 25% wages to them for 300 weeks.

(e) Non-Residents of U. S.—Widows and children receive 2-3 of amounts provided for residents, widowers, parents, brothers and sisters not entitled to compensation.

(*) Compensation must be paid to all children until they reach the age of 16. If this requiress more than 300 weeks then the compensation for time in excess of 300 weeks shall be as follows: 1 child 15% wages until 16 years of age; 2 children 25% wages until 16 years of age; 3 children 35% wages until 16 years of age; 4 children 45% wages until 16 years of age; 5 or more children 50% wages until 16 years of age.

INSURANCE.

Every employer electing to come under Article III, must insure to cover his liability to his employes and may do so in.

1 A stock company.
2 A mutual company.
3 The state insurance fund, or
4 Carry his own insurance, if permitted by the board.

Note—If he should fail to insure, an injured employe, his dependents or his personal representative, if injury is fatal, may elect to sue at law for damages or demand compensation under the act.

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

HILLSTROM EXECUTED

International Interest in Case of Murderer Shot in Utah.

Joseph Hillstrom, the I. W. W. poet, convicted of the murder of J. G. Morrison and son, Arling, was shot to death at 7.41 o'clock last Friday morning at Salt Lake City, Utah, after efforts on the part of President Wilson to secure a reprieve had failed and after the State Board of Health had decided that eleventh-hour evidence was insufficient for the granting of a stay of execution.

Hilstrom met his death at the hands of four expert riflemen and as he was almost in a state of complete collapse, he sank into the chair in which he was to meet the volley of his executioners and his head dropped forward as he was strapped in. At his own request, however, he was not blindfolded, Sheriff Corless having granted the doomed man's request sent to him just after Hillstrom had eaten his breakfast.

At 7.41 o'clock the signal to fire was given to the riflemen, each of whom was paid $40 for his work. As the volley rang forth, Hillstrom fell forward against the straps. He was officially pronounced dead one minute, twelve and two-fifth seconds after the volley was fired.

Sheriff Corless arrived at the jail at 7.02 o'clock in the morning in an automobile. Although the execution had been set for 7 o'clock, it was delayed until the Board of Pardons had decided whether a reprieve was justified as the result of a dispatch received from Seattle. The sender of the message said he was with Hillstrom on the night the Morrisons were murdered and that the condemned man was innocent. Hillstrom's only defense at his trial was that on the night of the murder he was at the home of a married woman. She never went forward in his behalf. If Hillstrom's story was true, he died without revealing her name.

Hillstrom himself selected the way in which he should meet his death. Under the state law of Utah it is possible for a condemned person to elect to be hanged or shot and the I. W. W. worker chose the latter.

A group of members of the Industrial Workers of the World assembled at the main gates of the prison shortly before the hour set for the execution in the morning. They later moved toward the eastern end of the prison at a point nearest the spot where the execution took place. Deputy sheriffs and guards walked beside the I. W. W. group, but there was no demonstration which required their interference.

Governor Spry, of Utah, on the preceding day answered an appeal of President Wilson pleading for a further reconsideration of the case. Governor Spry said in his telegram that he was satisfied that the president's request was based on a misconception of the facts or that there was some reason of an international nature that the president had not disclosed, that a further postponement at this time would be an unwarranted interference with the course of justice and that, mindful of the obligation of his oath of office, he would not interfere.

The Weakest Link.

Do you know which is the weakest link in your chain of life? Is it heart, lungs, digestion or nerves? Which of the various organs and functions of the body seems to threaten trouble?

The chances are that unless you have a thorough physical examination you could not tell, for symptoms are misleading and oftentimes their manifestation is general or sympathetically indicates the trouble is located in some other organ than the one which is the actual seat of the trouble, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

If there is a knock in the engine of your automobile you are the first to desire an over-hauling to rectify the trouble. You know if a mechanical defect of this sort continues it is going to multiply the trouble before long and that is just what happens with the human mechanism.

It is well known by the medical profession that those suffering from organic complaints may often, through vigorous adherence to certain rational methods of living, recover sufficiently to live long and useful lives while those suffering from functional disorders may, by following out the instructions of able medical men, entirely recover their health.

Everyone suffering with a persistent cold, headache or pains, should consult a good physician and submit themselves to a thorough physical examination. It would be well for every one to be examined once a year. This should include an examination of the blood-vessels, blood, heart, lungs, kidneys, a consideration of weight in regard to height and the general activities of the various organs.

Such an examination superficially made is of no value. It should be thorough and the daily routine and habits of the individual carefully considered in relation to his physical condition.

Men ordinarily are obliged to submit to a medical examination now and then when they take out life insurance. Women are not so often insured and hence under ordinary circumstances are more apt to neglect physical examination. It is equally essential to both.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

J. L. Spangler, et al, to Walter Cohen, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $250.

Henry Stoner, Exr. to James T. Eisenhuth tract in Haines Twp.; $400.

James F. Uzzell, et al Edmrs. to John Boyce (7 tracts) in Snow Shoe Boro & Twp.; $5,579.50.

John Boyce to James F. Uzzell et al, (7 tracts) in Snow Shoe Boro & Twp.; $4,184.62.

J. B. Irish et al Attys-in-fact to Steve Cusher, tract in Rush Twp.; $78.

J. B. Irish et al Attys-in-fact to Steve Cusher, tract in Rush Twp.; $101.

Andrew Newbauer et al Exrs.; to Michael Parko, tract in S. Philipsburg Boro.; $100.

Reuben Tressler et al, to Edgar Fisher tract in Boggs Twp.; $8,420.

Harry Keller et al Trs. to Reuben Tressler et al, tract in Boggs Twp.;

Sheriff A. B. Lee to M. Ward Fleming Trustee, tract in Philipsburg Boro. $2,000.

William Slee et ux, to Howard H. Richards, tract in Philipsburg Boro,; $300.

Jesse T. Leathers et ux, to John H. Weber, tract in Spring Twp.; $850.

William Nicholas Gross et ux, to Whiterock Quarries tract in Spring Twp.; $225.

(Patent) Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, to Thomas A. Auman, tract in Miles Twp.; $10.00

R. D. Bierly et ux. to Sallie Auman, tract in Miles Twp.; $100.

S. A. Bierly et ux, to T. A. Auman, tract in Miles Twp.; $910.

Sallie Auman et bar, to S. A. Bierly tract in Miles Twp.; $900.

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Harriet Roach et bar, to Maud Dixon, tract in Rush Twp.; $232.

Mary Pickford's Daily Talks.

Most Popular girl in the world, highest paid artist who ever lived, talks every day through the columns of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. She writes on all sorts of vital and absorbing subjects, in which her remarkable career since the age of 5 and her phenomenal success have made her experienced beyond her years, while she still retains the understanding and heart of a child.

Her articles are full of anecdotes and the personal experiences of a young girl who has made herself famous.

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She will reply direct to you or in the correspondence department at the end of each Daily Talk. Her articles now appear daily in The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Don't miss one of these fascinating daily talks. Order the Daily Dispatch from your newsdealer at once.

The Bridal Wreath.

The bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches in Germany. It is made of orange blossoms in France as well as in the United States. In Italy and the French cantons of Switzerland it is of white roses. In Spain the flowers of which it is composed are red roses and pinks. In the islands of Greece vine leaves serve the purpose, and in Bohemia rosemary is employed. In German Switzerland a crown of artificial flowers takes the place of the wreath.

A lady [illegible] in a store, asking [illegible] for her until the next day. When she returned she could not remember who waited on her. After puzzling over the matter, she approached one and asked:

"Am I the woman who bought some embroidery here yesterday?"

"Yes'm," replied the girl, stolidly, and turned to get it.—Christian Register.

Simply Couldn't.

"Now, son," said the lawyer, "you were guilty of various misdemeanors today and must be taken to task."

"I apply for a stay of proceedings, pop, and a change of venue to ma."

And how could a good lawyer refuse such a request?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Envious.

Howell—I'm engaged to Miss Rowell. Congratulate me, old man. Powell—I would if I did not know that in her case a nomination is not equivalent to an election.—Smart Set.

On His Part.

"Tom out of work again? Why, I thought he had a steady job?"

"Oh, the job was steady; Tom wasn't."—Philadelphia Press.

All men have their frailties, and he who looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists 26c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

EARLY BASEBALL.

Williams and Amherst Played the First Intercollegiate Game.

THIRTEEN MEN ON EACH SIDE.

The Contest Lasted Four Hours, and the Score Was 73 to 32—Players Were Elected by Ballot, and Popularity, Not Skill, Was What Counted.

The first intercollegiate game of baseball was played on July 1, 1859. It has frequently been declared that the first match between colleges was the Harvard-Williams game of 1864—that is at once right and wrong. It was the first college contest played under the general rules that now govern the game, but five years earlier, on July 1, 1859, Amherst and Williams met at Pittsfield, Mass., in the first intercollegiate baseball game of any type played in the world.

The two balls used in that game are hanging in a room in Amherst college, and beside them hangs this inscription: "The veritable balls used in the first game of intercollegiate baseball ever played, July 1, 1859. Amherst versus Williams, won by Amherst."

The contest was of the old fashioned "round ball" kind and required thirteen men on a side. The teams were not selected because of any particular skill or training, but "were chosen by ballot from the students at large." It took about three weeks to settle the negotiations for the match, and doubtless the arguments would have continued as many months had not the Pittsfield Baseball club offered its grounds and thus quieted suspicions as to neutral territory. There was considerable dispute as to the size and kind of ball to use, but this was ended by allowing each side to use its own ball exclusively.

Those two balls brought to the game were the wonder of the crowd. That of Amherst weighed two and one-half ounces and was about eight inches in circumference, while that of Williams weighed two ounces and was seven inches round. Some Williams wiseacres had suggested a light colored covering so as to "make it seen with difficulty by the batters," and this peculiarity filled the "fans" with admiration.

The "fans" at that first college game were indeed plentiful. All the faculty and every student at Williams were there, and the whole village of Williamstown emptied itself into the ball grounds at Pittsfield. There were, moreover, several "female seminaries" within easy riding distance, and their interested students were present to put the boys on their mettle. The Amherst team felt a little lonely, as only seventeen students, all players, were in their company, and not a single neighbor or member of the faculty came to cheer them up.

It was indeed doubtful whether the game could ever be finished, for some enemy of law and order started the report that "the Amherst thrower was a professional blacksmith who had been hired for the occasion." Thus the suspicion of professionalism entered college athletics at the very beginning. However, the contest started at 11 o'clock, lasted twenty-six rounds, or innings, and closed after four hours of continuous playing. The score was 73 to 32.

As the man at bat had the right to knock the ball in any direction whatever, there were many "side strikes," "back knocks" and "ticked" (foul) balls. Considering the fact that the man behind the bat had no glove, mask or protection of any sort, it was remarkable that the Amherst catcher "allowed no balls to pass that were within his reach and missed only one ticked ball in the course of the entire game."

Strange to say, there was almost complete silence on the part of the players themselves, and no decision was complained of openly.

Some of the boys in that first intercollegiate game became famous men, but not as ball players. The captain of the Amherst team became president of Tougaloo university; Henry Hyde gained fame as a Boston lawyer; Marshall Cushman was for years a leading official in the United States patent office, while the umpire, L. R. Smith, became a successful lawyer. Evidently the spirit of '59 that made those players so persevering on that hot day in July made them still more earnest in the real battle of life that came in future years.—Youth's Companion.

Not Up In Oarsmanship.

Deprecating the conduct of the prisoner at the bar, a prosecuting attorney said in addressing the court, "This young man, becoming a thief in order eventually to become a clergyman, is like the oarsman who turns his back upon the place he is steering for."—Boston Transcript.

An English Joke.

Papa (seating himself at the breakfast table)—Where's your mother, Ethel? Ethel (aged ten)—She won't be down. Mumsey's got a headache already, Papsey, and whatever you've got to say about the coffee this morning just tell it to me. — Pittsburgh Press.

Not Very Well.

Miss Sereleaf tells me that she intends to take up settlement work."

"Then she doesn't intend to get married?"

"Um—well, a man waiting for a train can't get aboard if it fails to arrive, can he?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Thoughts are mightier than the strength of hand.—Sophocles.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

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Bellefonte People Should Not Neglect Their Kidneys.

Backache is often nature's most frequent signal of weakened kidneys. To cure the pains and aches, to remove the lameness when it arises from weakened kidneys, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. If you have pain through the small of your back, urinary disorders headaches, dizzy spells, or are nervous and depressed, start treating the kidneys with a tested kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been proved good and are especially for weak kidneys Doan's have been used in kidney trouble for over 50 years. Read Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. Isaac Wyland, Wilson St., Bellefonte, says: "A cold settled on my kidneys and my back began to ache. I was in bed for a week. I didn't rest properly and in the morning felt all out of sorts. Often the pains were so severe that I cried and my housework was a burden. Dizzy spells were common and my sight was blurred. After I had finished one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, the pain in my back left and I was as strong as ever."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Wyland had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Phila. Record.

The circulation of "The Philadelphia Sunday Record" is steadily growing, and deservedly so. This condition has been brought about by the fact The Record is printing a most complete Sunday newspaper. Always noted for the value of its news colums, which include more worth-while news articles than any other Philadelphia paper, The Sunday Record has greatly enlarged its special features.

Its attractive colored Piction Magazine, containing short and continued stories by the best authors, is well worth the price of the paper alone.

Its colored Comic Section is rapidly coming to be recognized as the most interesting and amusing, yet without the objectionable features of many colored comics. Its Comic Section may safely be permitted to enter any home.

"The Record's" Sporting Section is the most complete printed, giving more space to a wider range of subjects, such as trap-shooting, bowling, golf, soccer football, horse news, automobile news, and scholastic athletic activities, (besides its usual baseball and football space,) than is usually found in other Sunday papers.

"The Record's" theatrical news is largely read by amusement lovers, and recently enlarged space was given to its Society News and this branch of its special service placed under the direction of Miss Agnes Repplier, 2nd, who is well known to all Philadelphia and suburban society.

"The Record's" "Black & White" Magazine Section is a newspaper of specialities in itself. It contains news of interest to every member of the family; son, daughter, father, and mother. The Pattern page included in this magazine section is making a big reputation for its variety of ideas and the attractiveness of its designs. There is a page for boys and girls, of stories and puzzles; another of jokes and the inimitable "Willie Green", several pages for mother on domestic science and fashions; the school page, conducted by Grace F. Pennypacker; as well as special pages of intense interest to father.

Altogether, "The Sunday Record" gives the greatest value, at its retail price of 5c, that it is possible to obtain. Your local newsdealer will serve you upon request.

Impure blood runs you down—make you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Bitters. At all drug stores. Price $1.00.

Mrs. Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest killer on earth.

Be more economical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roach-es, ants and flies. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. does further than a barrel of old-fash-ion-ing killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the D. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. He agrees to steal the papers for them but accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the brute-man rescues Annette with the papers from the flames. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts, Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by cocaine smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

THE GUN RUNNERS

CHAPTER XXIX.

Identification.

Senorita Inez Castro—known to her immediate audience by the pseudonym of Irene Courtier—drew back in alarm and affright.

"But, charming friend Annette," she cried, "you have been snatched literally from the jaws of death." She wrung her hands in despair. She turned to Neal and laid her hand upon his arm. "What are we to do?" she cried. "We are but a handful of women—championed by our solitary sailor boy. We are no match for these adventurers. Why not give it up?"

Annette sprang to her feet. "Never," she cried. "Never will I give it up The lost isle is mine. It is my father's, too. I am fighting for him Irene, and he is fighting in me. His blood is in my blood."

There was a knock upon the door "Come in," said Mrs. Hardin.

The door opened and a man in the uniform of a common seaman entered "Hardin," he said, "been looking for you everywhere. The commander wants you to report to him at once." He grinned a bit sheepishly. "Beside that," he added, "he told me I might hand you this."

He passed to Neal a folded sheet of paper. Neal opened it and read it A flush crept into his face and his eyes sparkled.

"Godfrey," he exclaimed, "I never thought—"

He handed the paper to his mother "Annette—Irene," he said, "I have been promoted—promoted from seaman on the Jackson to gunner on the cruiser Albany."

The bearer of the note saluted once more. "Rank—chief petty officer," he explained, "and the cruiser Albany is due hereabouts this week."

Ten minutes later when the excitement in that hotel suite at Martinique had subsided—at least to some extent. Irene Courtier leaned forward toward Annette.

"Charming friend," she began, "let us get down to cases—let us look things in the face. What is the situation now?"

"For one thing," Annette returned. "these pirates don't know—can't know—that I am alive."

Irene Courtier smiled a reassuring smile.

"Of course," she responded. "How could they know?"

"They've got me at a disadvantage," went on Annette. "They've got my parchment map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar—and my locket with my father's picture in it. It's evidence."

"Ah," said Irene, leaning farther forward, "map or no map we shall spike their guns. Let me plan out a campaign."

She rose, seized a sheet of paper and an envelope and placed them before Annette Ilington. "Charming friend," she said, "write as I dictate."

At the end of five minutes Irene took the sheet of paper from the table and read it aloud. This is what she read:

To the Fathers of Santa Maria Mission, Santa Maria, Lower California

Reverend Fathers: As sole heir of the family of Ilington I am entitled to possession of the original grant to the lost Isle of Cinnabar—the same isle granted to my ancestor by Joseph Bonaparte, the king of Spain, more than a century ago. I have solved the secret of the map and am on my way to you. I inclose my photograph for the purpose of identification.

Sincerely,

ANNETTE ILINGTON.

"So far so good," said Irene Courtier. "Now add this postscript please:

P. S. My photograph is identified upon the back by the signature and seal of the governor of Martinique.

A. I.

"But it isn't," exclaimed Annette.

Irene held up her hand. "You have a photograph," she said. "Get it at once."

Annette obeyed.

"Now," went on Irene, adjusting her hat, "let us go on to the governor of Martinique."

In half an hour they were in his presence. Annette proffered her request. The governor nodded.

He placed his signature upon the back of the photograph and impressed his seal in sealing wax also upon the back.

"Now, charming friend," said Irene Courtier, "let me have the photograph."

She placed it in the envelope and sealed the letter. On their way back to the hotel she darted into the local post office, darting out almost immediately.

"The deed is done," she said, "the identification is complete."

Half an hour later, in the solitude of her own room at the hotel in Martinique, Inez Castro took from the folds of her dress the letter—the letter which she had not mailed in the post office. She tore it open rapidly and dropped the photograph upon her dressing table. With a keen-edged knife she performed an operation. Then she pasted her own photograph upon Annette's cardboard. When she had completed this performance she held up the finished product with satisfaction.

"So," she said to her own counterfeit presentment, "it is you whom the governor of Martinique vouches for as the heir of the Ilingtons. So far so good. Let us complete the identification."

She sat down and wrote—wrote the same letter that Annette had written at her dictation, and she signed it Annette Ilington. Then she placed it in an envelope, addressed the envelope and affixed a stamp. Later, surreptitiously, she mailed it.

She was quite right. Identification was a matter of importance and the identification was complete.

CHAPTER XXX.

Behind Closed Doors.

There are many cubby holes on the Isle of Martinique. In one of these cubby holes or hiding places in a remarkably secreted district of St. Pierre, behind doors closely locked and barred, there sat a man. He was a negro, tall and gaunt; he wore a mustache and an imperial; even as he sat at ease his bearing was military.

Suddenly he stiffened. There were three taps upon the barred door. He rose, strode swiftly to the door and noisily threw back its bars and bolts.

The door opened and three men crept into the cellar. The negro saluted.

"Senor Hernandez," he exclaimed. "I am from Dolores."

"So I understand," said Hernandez.

"Dolores," continued the negro, "is a republic on the coast of Central America."

Hernandez nodded.

The other man leaned forward. "Senor," he said, "I am the agent of the insurrecto party in Dolores. The insurrecto party in Dolores will one day own Dolores, body and soul. That day is sure to come. It needs but one thing, senor."

"And that one thing?" queried Hernandez.

The insurrecto smiled. "We need a man who will take chances," he went on, "a man who will stake little to win much; a man who will put up money and put up brains to get us what we need—to deliver us the goods."

"And what goods do you need?" queried Hernandez, smiling in his turn.

The insurrecto showed his white teeth. "Oil stoves," he returned, "oil stoves—of the Mauser type—of any type—made in America."

"How many do you need?" queried Hernandez.

"Twenty-five hundred rifles will suffice," said the other man, "including ammunition to correspond. And this cargo, senor," he added, "is here in Martinique. It has come by devious routes from the United States. It is being watched—closely, jealously watched, by secret service officers—by the government of the United States."

Hernandez sighed. "What return does this man of daring get?"

"We will pay you tenfold," said the spy, "when you land the rifles."

Hernandez smiled. "What more—what after delivery?"

"Ah," returned the other, "twenty—thirty—a hundredfold, when the revolution has succeeded."

Hernandez tapped himself upon the chest. "It will succeed," he said. "I shall bring to it something more than rifles. I shall bring the brains of Hernandez. I am a gambler, senor, and I will take a chance."

The negro thrust a hand across the table. "You are a man among men senor," he exclaimed. Then suddenly he stiffened once again. He bent forward in a listening attitude. He lowered his voice. "There is someone just outside the door," he said.

Hernandez strode to the door, drew back the bolts and opened.

A woman entered—Inez Castro.

"Senor," said Hernandez to the insurrecto agent, "this is Senorita Inez Castro. She is one of us."

Inez nodded to the agent a bit curtly.

"You bring news?" said Hernandez.

"Good news," said Inez. "I have dispatched a letter to the fathers of the Santa Maria mission in lower California."

"You have been discreet, I trust," said Hernandez.

"I have been more than that," returned Inez. "The governor of Martinique himself has identified my photograph as the heiress of Lost Isle."

Hernandez was plainly puzzled. "Who induced him to put his name—to place his seal upon this photograph?" he inquired.

"Annette Ilington and I—" she began.

Hernandez started back. "Annette Ilington and you," he faltered.

"Oh, I forgot," said Inez. "I have been getting messages from you, but I could get none to you. She still lives, this Annette Ilington."

"Incredible," exclaimed Hernandez. "And what of her companion—what of this sailor boy?"

"He lives, too," said Inez. "He will be a gunner or a gunner's mate on the cruiser Albany," she said.

"Good," exclaimed Hernandez. "Then he returns to the United States."

Inez shook her head. "Returns—not," she answered. "The cruiser Albany comes to him—comes here."

The insurrecto agent stepped back a pace. "Come here," he said. He glanced at Hernandez significantly. "Senor," he added, "we have no time to lose."

"We shall lose no time," said Hernandez. "Leave that to me." He turned to Inez. "What of this girl Annette?" he queried. "Has she given up the chase?"

Inez shook her head. "The day after tomorrow," she returned, "we sail for the Panama canal."

Two days later the Rio Grande left port for the Panama canal. When she was fairly out of sight another and quite a different looking vessel hove into view and entered port.

This latter vessel was the cruiser Albany, seeking for something that she had not found—as yet. That day Chief Petty Officer Neal Hardin took his station on her as chief gunner's mate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Forbidden Fruit.

The captain of the Rio Grande found—just at the time when he was off the coast of Dolores—that his engine had uncompromisingly broken down, and that he must put into the nearest port for repairs.

"While I'm about it," he said to Hernandez, his secret passenger, "you can land your oil stoves for the insurrectos."

Hernandez nodded. "Your legitimate passengers—some of your crew," he said, "you'd best get them out of the way first—we don't want too many witnesses—the rifle cases might break open."

"It's all right," said the captain, "simple enough. I'll land 'em in the daytime. We'll land your cargo in the night."

He glanced toward shore. Suddenly he caught Hernandez by the arm.

"Yonder, senor," he exclaimed, "look—the flag of the insurrectos—it is their camp."

Annette Ilington, startled by the cessation of the engines, glanced out of the window of her stateroom. She woke her foster mother, Mrs. Hardin.

"Land," said Annette, "look."

There was not only land—there was a village—there was a big house—and there were people.

Already a launch had put off from a neat plantation dock, and inside of twenty minutes had drawn up alongside the Rio Grande.

In the launch, seated comfortably in an easy wicker chair, smoking a long panatela, sat a prosperous looking Central American gentleman.

At the captain's invitation he boarded the Rio Grande and looked about him. His glance was keen—he seemed to see everything at once.

"You will pardon, senor capitan," he explained, "but—these are suspicious times. We look for trouble—everywhere. You see yonder hill. Somewhere in that forest lurks a revolution. All that they need is guns, senor. Guns and ammunition. Hence my apprehension as to the Rio Grande."

"My stars," exclaimed the captain, "if I'd known they wanted guns, blow me, but I'd have brought a few along."

An hour later the Central American was standing on the veranda of his large plantation house, superintending the serving of iced drinks and a bit of food, to his accidental guests, Annette Ilington and her party.

Annette suddenly rose to her feet. "The Rio Grande," she exclaimed, "look—she is leaving us."

Her host shook his head. "She is moving, on a pair of crutches—as one would say—into a quieter cove. There she will repair herself. Meantime, command me as your servants, senora—senoritas, if you please."

The captain of the Rio Grande was clever enough to perceive that he would further disarm the suspicions of the rich plantation owner by moving the Rio Grande down the coast instead of up the coast—away from rather than nearer to the insurrectos stronghold. He knew his business, did the captain of the Rio Grande. And if he didn't, he had a good director, the Portuguese Hernandez.

"Ah," said Hernandez that evening from the deck of the Rio Grande, "her majesty the moon."

As if in answer to his exclamation, a dozen rowboats shot out of the shadows and lined up alongside the Rio Grande. The first of these made fast—a swarthy looking insurrecto climbed the ship's ladder like a monkey. Hernandez received him.

"Senor," he said, saluting.

The other man grinned. "You have oil stoves for Panama," he queried.

"For Panama, yes," smiled Hernandez.

"This," said the other, with another grim smile, "is Panama."

"First and foremost, senor general," said Hernandez, "money down."

The insurrecto counted out the cash.

Hernandez thrust it into his pocket. "Senor," he said, opening the door and giving vent to a low whistle, "I shall be glad to throw in something else with the oil stoves for Panama."

Two figures appeared in the doorway—entered the room.

The insurrecto gazed at one of them in amazement. Then he turned to Hernandez.

"What will you throw in?" he queried.

Hernandez placed one hand upon his breast and waved the other at his two companions. "My own services—and that of my good friend, Ponto—and this beast. We are fighters, senor. We would take pot luck with you."

The insurrecto's eyes gleamed. "Delighted, senor," he returned.

Hernandez didn't mention that he had other motives than just to help.

Half an hour later the last rifle case—the last chest of ammunition—had been safely stowed away in the bottom of the last small boat. Then Hernandez, his companions and the insurrecto leader dropped into a launch and sped away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Within Four Walls.

A tattered insurrecto crept up to the leader. "General," he exclaimed in his native tongue, "there is news—from our outposts on the shore."

"What news?" queried the leader.

"A cruiser has been sighted—she is at anchor, general."

"Of what nation?"

"Americano," returned Hernandez, "she is of the United States—I can tell you that."

"In which direction does she lie?" queried the leader.

"Up the coast," returned the native.

Hernandez nodded. "Then, general," he said, "your line of march must lie the other way—past the plantation down below."

The leader pondered. "I was bound the other way," he said.

"The marines'll cut you off," returned Hernandez, "they're after our guns—they're after us. You'll have to go this way."

"You are quite right, senor," he conceded.

Hernandez beckoned him to one side. "Listen, general," he whispered, "I understand mine host of the plantation is very rich. Am I right?"

The leader nodded. "He has much gold somewhere hidden," he returned, "although we have tried in vain—by peaceful means—to get it."

"He has," went on Hernandez, "some woman guests—Americans. If you find the gold, senor, you keep it. If I find it, I'll divide with you. But the American women—they belong to me."

Early next morning mine host of the plantation approached his guests.

"Come with me to the wharf," he said. "I have marine glasses. We shall see what we can see."

Once there he handed the glasses to Mrs. Hardin. "Senora," he exclaimed, "tell us what you perceive in the dim distance."

Mrs. Hardin took one look and then turned a radiant face upon Annette. "It's the Albany—Neal's cruiser," she exclaimed.

Annette seized the glasses. "The Albany!" she exclaimed, incredulously. "What is the Albany doing here—the last time we heard of her she was approaching Martinique."

The planter beckoned to a servant. "Horses for the party," he exclaimed. "We'll drive along the shore and visit them. I am partial to Americans—I get along with them."

But the horses for the party did not arrive—and for good reason. Half an hour before, a plantation hand, strolling to work from his hut in the hills, in the cool of the morning, was set upon by half a dozen armed and drunken insurrectos. Had they been sober it would have been all up with him. As it was, he slipped nimbly out of their grasp, leaving most of his clothes behind him, and cantered yelling down the trail.

He reached the wharf more than half naked and panting for breath. He fell down at his master's feet.

"Insurrectos—insurrectos!" he exclaimed.

The master started. "Then it was shots I heard," he said. He turned to his guests. "Come," he commanded, "there is not a moment to lose. Follow me at once."

He reached the veranda and blew three shrill blasts upon a whistle. Immediately half a hundred blacks rushed upon the scene, eyes wide with terror, but ready to obey orders.

"Everybody in," he commanded. "My guests will seek the bedrooms on the second floor."

Annette touched the planter on the arm. "Give me a gun," she said. "I'll do my part. When there's a fight I can't keep out, somehow."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Among the Missing.

Annette sank back, gasping with the smoke. The situation, to her, seemed hopeless. Inside, the ammunition was slowly giving out. Without, the house was surrounded on all sides by insurrectos. She crept to the planter's side.

"I've fired my last shot," she said. "Can I have more?" She got it, but still lingered. "Do you think you can hold the place?" she queried.

The planter smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "The insurrectos—what are they?" he exclaimed. "Nothing." He peered through his loophole. "Eye-yah," cried the planter, "who is the stranger there?"

Annette followed the direction of his finger. She shrank back.

"Scar-face!" she cried, in despair.

"He knows how to load," said the planter, shaking his head soberly, "but at any rate we can hold out—until the Americanos come."

"If our messenger got through," faltered Annette.

Their messenger did get through. A quarter of an hour before a black had penetrated to the camp of the marines and had given the alarm—and the whole camp had started off on the double quick.

"Boys!" shouted Neal, pressing to the fore, "American women—don't forget—come on!"

In an upper room in the planter's house Mrs. Hardin shrank back in a corner with fear. Bullets were riddling the walls. Joe Welcher lay face down. Inez, with presence of mind, had placed a mattress against the wall and with Joe's aid had placed an upturned bed against the other. They were fairly safe. Besides that, just once, Inez had found a chance to wave to Hernandez, and Hernandez had kept the insurrectos from firing on that corner of the house. Inez crept downstairs—looked about her—saw Annette and the planter in close conversation—then crept back again.

She plucked Joey Welcher by the sleeve. "Joe," she whispered, "go down—pass through the corridor by the kitchen—open the rear door."

"Not on your life," said Joe. "Do you think I want to die?"

"You'll die if you don't," she said. 'Come, follow me!"

Once below, Inez cocked her revolver. "Do as I say," she commanded. Joe obeyed. With terror in his eyes he tore and wrenched at the fastenings of the rearmost passageway. Finally he stepped back. "She's unlocked," he exclaimed. Inez, unafraid, stepped forward, opened wide the door and beckoned. It was a signal. Hernandez saw it and bounded forward.

"Follow me, insurrectos," he commanded.

A hundred men obeyed. With a shout they dashed into the huge living room on the ground floor—with another shout they fired a volley into the backs of the defenders. The planter, drawing a bead on an insurrecto without, was seized suddenly from behind, gagged and bound. A strong pair of arms seized Annette and lifted her from the floor and bore her, screaming, from the room.

Three minutes later she was thrown into a far room in a secluded corner of the house. Into the same room were thrown Inez and Mrs. Hardin and Joe Welcher.

With a sudden wrench Annette tore loose a board that barricaded the window. Then her eyes brightened. "Look!" she cried. "The marines—they come. Neal! Neal!"

Her shout was not heard, of course, but it was accompanied with the wave of a white handkerchief. Neal, at the head of the squad, saw it—and the squad pressed forward at double speed.

Below, among the insurrectos, Annette could hear the panic.

"The Americanos—the Americanos—flee!"

Neal reached the house—saw who waved the kerchief. With a sudden bound he leaped upon an arbor, scrambled and crawled somehow—with some naval trick—up the face of the house, rammed in the barricade and leaped into the room.

"Annette," he cried.

But at that instant the door of the room was burst open and Hernandez, with Ponto and the Brute and a dozen insurrectos, darted in.

"Take everybody here—including him," commanded Hernandez. "Take them—you know where. But remember—the women are mine, not yours."

Neal fought like a tiger, but without success. In five minutes or less the captives, Neal and Annette included, were led through dark passageways to some underground corridor. They were driven on and on—they knew not where.

An hour later the squad of marines reported to their officer.

"We can't find a woman on the place, except the blacks," they said.

"Are we all here?" queried the officer, anxious for his men. "Just call the roll and see."

"All here," returned a marine, "but no, not all here. There's one missing—Gunner Hardin, sir."

The officer nodded. "We'll find Gunner Hardin if it takes a leg," he said.

(continued on page 6)

"The Americanos—the Americanos—Flee!"

The Captives Were Led Through Dark Passageways.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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The Republican turkey hangs high.

Republicans of Centre County have much to be thankful for. We have elected not only the Judge but virtually all of the county ticket. And that's going some.

What a desolate day this Thanksgiving Day must be for the war-ridden lands across the seas. The prayers of our people go out for peace soon to reign where strife now exists.

A fellow has cause to be thankful today if the dozen of eggs for which he pays thirty-six cents contains at least four or five that were not in existence last Thanksgiving Day.

One nice thing about all the fuss that is being made over Bellefonte's big spring is that the spring will go ahead continuing to attend to its own business, just as it has been doing for the last century and more.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

For the many blessings that have been bestowed upon us in the year gone by.

Some of us may not have attained all that we had hoped for.

Some may have gained more than others believed them entitled to.

Even so, not one of us but who has been blessed perhaps more richly than he has deserved.

The story of the things gained or lost is in brief the story of life.

There is so much to be thankful for, if one but looks about him and notes the burdens of others. Be contented with your lot, no matter what it may be. Do not envy some one who may seem to be more bountifully blessed.

You do not know the price he may have paid. He may be carrying a cross that to you would be unbearable.

Let each one today not only give thanks for the year gone by but strive to make the coming year better for the good we can do.

MODERN GREEKS.

Those at Home Outnumbered by Those In Other Countries.

What and who are these modern Greeks? The most skeptical investigators admit that in most of them is some blood transmitted from ancient Greece and that there is a proportion of Greek descent in Greece about equal to that of Anglo-Saxon descent in America. For the rest the modern Greeks are either Albanian or Slav or Vlach.

Besides the Greeks in Greece there are other Greeks who far outnumber them. They are found on all the coast of the Ottoman empire. Crete and the other islands until very lately under Turkish sovereignty have no other inhabitants important in numbers. They are numerous in Asia Minor, in Syria and in Egypt.

While collectively everywhere their main passionate devotion is to Greece they style Hellas, the ancient kingdom, where people are called Hellenes, and being masters of commerce and finance many of them have gained enormous fortunes, from which they pour great sums into Athens particularly, but into Greece generally, for public buildings and endowments.—From "The Balkans—A Laboratory of History," by William Milligan Sloane.

Cleopatra and Poisons.

Cleopatra assembled all kinds of deadly poisons and began experiments with all the criminals sentenced to death in order to see if the action of the poison was painless. As she observed that those which acted quickly brought death with great pain and that the milder poisons worked slowly, she began experiments with poisonous animals, setting them upon other animals in her presence. This she did daily and noted that among them all only the bite of a certain poisonous snake evoked without tremor or pain a certain numbness and invincible desire for sleep so that the victims gradually died with a light sweat upon the face and gradual darkening of the senses, and when one tried to awaken them or to brighten them were as unwilling as those who are in a deep sleep.—Plutarch.

A Goat's Voice.

The drawler was talking into the telephone.

"Why—er—ah! I think—ah-h-h!—perhaps—ah-h-h-h!—I—ah-h-h-h!"—

"Say, look here!" came a sarcastic voice over the wire. "What do you think you are, anyhow—a confounded nanny goat?"—Kansas City Star.

PRIVATE WARS.

Any Pretext Would Serve to Start a Conflict In Feudal Times.

"Of the many privileges conferred on the nobles of Europe by the feudal system none was more jealously guarded or more frequently exercised than the right of waging private war," writes Dr. MacMillan in the Scottish Review. "This lawless custom was the cause of untold misery, barbarity, ruin and destitution. Upon the slightest pretext—often indeed with no excuse at all—the feudal baron would sally forth from his stronghold in order to carry fire and sword into the territories of some neighboring chief.

"'This abuse,' says Cox in his "History of the House of Austria," 'was carried to so great an extent that not only sovereigns and states engaged in hostilities from interest or revenge, but the lesser barons, and even associations of tradesmen and domestics, sent defiances to each other on the most ridiculous pretenses and in a manner scarcely credible at the present day.

"'We find a declaration of war from a private individual, Henry Mayenberg, against the emperor; another from the Lord Prauenstein against Frankfort, because a young lady of the city refused to dance with his uncle; another in 1450 from the baker and domestics of the margrave of Baden against Eslingen, Reutlingen, and other imperial cities; another in 1462 from the baker of the Count Palatine Louis against the cities of Augsburg, Ulm and Rothwell; one in 1471 from the shoeblacks of the University of Leipzig against the provost and some other members, and one in 1477 from a cook of Eppenstein, with his scullions, dairymaids and dishwashers against Otho, count of Solms.'

"But this lawless and mischievous spirit did not expire with the abolition of the right of private war."

THE PROTECTING FOREST.

Important Part Trees Play In Preventing Serious Floods.

It has been shown that forests prevent the rapid melting of ice and snow and thus avert or modify floods in the spring. Mountains also play an important part with regard to floods. By intercepting drifting currents of moisture laden air mountains are active agents in precipitating rainfall, and unless they are protected by forests the waters pour down into the valley in destructive torrents. The evergreen trees, particularly the spruces, are especially useful in controlling these torrents. Under all spruce forests there is a large deposit of what woodsmen call "duff." This is composed of partially decayed trees, bark, needles, cones and mosses.

This duff varies from one to six feet in thickness and has the power of absorbing and holding water like a sponge. During the heavy spring rains it becomes thoroughly saturated with water, which gradually oozes down the mountain sides into the streams in summer. The trees also protect the snowfall from the rapid action of the sun in spring, thus restraining floods from that source also.

The protection of the forests therefore is the surest and safest way in which to prevent destructive inundations. They are really natural storage reservoirs, not holding back great masses of water in bulk, which may be released by the breaking of some dam and carry terrible destruction before them, but storing it in the capillaries of the spongy soil and yielding it gently and continuously during the season when most needed.—London Standard.

Cutting Down Expenses.

It is expensive enough to put on a play and get the true artistic effects without wasting money on unnecessary detail. As an example of this, a manager tells the following incident:

A playwright was reading a comedy to the manager when he came to these lines:

"Have a cigar."

"Thanks; I don't mind if I do."

"Wait," said the manager. "If I'm going to produce that play that second line will have to read, 'No, thanks; I don't smoke.' That change will save a good deal of money every season, for an actor must smoke good cigars when it is necessary to smoke at all."—Kansas City Star.

Testing the Piano.

The town council of a thriving Scotch burgh recently acquired a piano for their town hall and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councilors were not musical experts, but one, a joiner, bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked, "I'm no judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever is practically unknown in the tropics, and doctors say this is because so little fresh milk is drunk there. The streptococcus, which occurs in large quantities in most raw milk, is always present in scarlet fever, and medical experts see in that a cause and effect.

For Instance.

First City Man—Flatman has just bought a place in the country. Second City Man—There isn't enough variety in country life to suit me. First City Man—Well, Flatman says he's running across something new all the time.—Boston Journal.

Bootjacks and Cats.

Lest we forget. When did you ever see a bootjack? And did you ever know a man who really threw one at a cat? Who ever started that lie, anyhow?—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Secret Marriage

It Was Between a Prince and a Girl In Wooden Shoes.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I see in this proposal, your majesty," said the prime minister, Van der Donken, to King Hubert, "a scheme to unite our kingdom of Lituria to that of Pomaria. Your majesty is well aware that the area of Pomaria is three times that of Lituria. If the Princess Catherine marries your son it will result in the annexation of your dominions to those of your hereditary enemies."

"That shall never be," said King Hubert, grinding his teeth.

"Unfortunately, the prince has met the princess, and she has captivated him."

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Inordinately ambitious. She is described by those of her suit as being avaricious, selfish and cruel."

"What can we do to turn the prince from her? I fear that to attack her will only enlist him in her defense."

"Your majesty is right. We must accomplish our ends by diplomacy. The princess has your son in thrall. To win him from her we must inveigle her into a trap, and once she has entered it we must exercise all our ingenuity to prevent her getting out."

"Have you a plan?"

"I have. It is this: Let us give out that your majesty has been attacked by a disease that must prove fatal within a few months; that you desire the prince, who will inherit the throne after you, to marry at once on pain of your naming his cousin, Oscar, to succeed you in his stead. Catherine will not marry him without his inheritance. But she will not hesitate to permit him to sacrifice it for revenge upon your majesty for not consenting to the match. I shall endeavor to make some compromise with her by which we may rescue the prince from her."

Van der Donken was a marvel of astuteness, being regarded as equal in chicanery even to a woman. The king gave him carte blanche to do as he liked, and he set out at once for the capital of Pomaria, where he found Prince Carl in dalliance with the Princess Catherine. The minister announced to the young man that his father had not long to live, that a proposal had been made by King Otto of the neighboring kingdom of Brentino that the two kingdoms should be united by the marriage of Carl and King Otto's daughter, Xenia, and that the marriage should be celebrated at once. If the prince refused the crown should pass at his father's death to his cousin.

This interview between Van der Donken and Carl took place in the presence of Catherine. The prince looked at her for instructions as to his reply. She replied for him by stating that he was betrothed to her and would marry her. If any usurper took her place at his father's death the king of Pomaria would send an armed force to Lituria to seat its rightful sovereign on the throne.

Now, the kingdom of Brentino was even more powerful than that of Pomaria. The hand of the Princess Xenia had indeed been offered to Carl, and doubtless if Carl had seen her he would have obeyed his father. On receiving a refusal to King Hubert's plans the wily Van der Donken proposed to Carl and Catherine a compromise. He suggested that Carl marry some girl of low degree. His father, to withdraw him from such a union, would consent to a divorce and his marriage with Catherine. Again the prince looked at the princess for instructions. She agreed to take the matter under consideration and after long reflection consented to the plan, making it a condition that she should approve of the girl the prince married. Van der Donken agreed to this, though he well knew that Catherine would not consent to the prince marrying any girl who was capable of drawing him away from her.

The prince returned to Lituria with Van der Donken, it having been arranged that the princess should follow to inspect the girl he would marry as soon as one could be found to do so on receiving a price and giving her consent to a subsequent divorce. In due time the princess was called for and introduced into the home of a poor widow whose daughter had consented to the terms.

Anneke was the name of the bride, a little Dutch girl in a number of petticoats and wooden shoes. Her complexion was brown, her face covered with pimples and her hair a fiery red. Her appearance was that of a half witted person. As soon as Catherine saw her she gave her consent to the marriage, which took place in her presence and that of Van der Donken and Anneke's mother. Then Carl went back to Pomaria with Catherine.

Meanwhile King Hubert had kept himself in seclusion, but as soon as his minister announced to him that his son had been married he appeared again in public apparently as well as ever. Catherine, hearing of his recovery, was quite taken aback, fearing that she had been tricked. But, remembering the wedding with the homely Dutch girl, she took heart.

Then came Van der Donken to the prince with an order from his father to appear at court and prepare to go on a visit to the Princess Xenia, with whom a marriage for him had been contracted. The prince and Catherine after consultation agreed that the time had come for making known to his father his marriage and refusing to be divorced unless he were permitted to marry Catherine and inherit the crown as well. But Van der Donken said that King Hubert's mind was set on the Princess Xenia, and he believed that if she could be persuaded to decline Prince Carl the matter would be simplified. He suggested that Carl pay the visit to Xenia, but so made up that he would appear unattractive to her, and he could treat her so indifferently or even rudely that she would refuse to marry him.

The minister finally persuaded Catherine to agree to this, and the prince went back to Lituria with Van der Donken. Then, having made his preparations for the journey, taking with him only two friends who were in his secret, he set out for the capital of Brentino. On the way he darkened his complexion. One of his friends, an artist, painted little pimples all over his face, and the prince put on a red wig. He had been much repelled by these features on the part of Anneke and thought they might repel the Princess Xenia.

When the formal introduction took place the princess raised her fan to her face—what for no one knew, but Prince Carl presumed that it was to conceal her disgust for him. But it seemed rather to conceal a smile, for she offered her hand to him most cordially. He bowed and kissed it, then looked up at a very beautiful girl. There was that in her appearance to remind him of some one he had seen before, but he could not place the person. He tried to say something disagreeable, but the words stuck in his throat. The princess slipped her hand on his arm and drew him away from the others into an apartment where they would be alone together.

From the moment the prince saw the Princess Xenia he was attracted to her, and it was not long before he regretted having disobeyed his father in refusing to marry her. The saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" did not pertain to him. The Princess Catherine being out of sight was out of mind. Nevertheless he had been so long dominated by her superior will that the idea of being unfaithful to her filled him with terror. At the same time the influence of the woman present became steadily stronger. The Princess Xenia did everything needful to concentrate his mind upon herself. She gave fetes in her honor, and in each her costume was designed to enhance her beauty.

Prince Carl had promised Catherine that every day he would send her a message telling her how he was getting on in repelling the Princess Xenia. The day after his arrival at Brentino he wrote that he was acting as brutally as possible. But those about him noticed that his pimples had suddenly been healed. The second day he wrote that he had offended the princess. But while dressing in the morning he washed off his dark complexion. The third day he wrote that he was very near being sent away. This he really believed to be true, for when sitting by Xenia she pulled off his wig and appeared to be very much displeased with him for coming to court disguised.

On the fourth day Carl wrote Catherine that something especial had happened; he would write her a full account of it soon. This is what he referred to:

When he joined the Princess Xenia he found in her stead Princess Anneke. She threw her arms around his neck, but he repelled her. Then she pulled off his red wig and, turning to a fountain, washed her face. Turning to him, he recognized the Princess Xenia.

"What does all this mean?" he asked.

"It means that your father, King Hubert, having received from my father an offer of my hand for you, informed us that so far as he was concerned the offer was accepted, but unfortunately you had fallen under the spell of another woman. If, however, I would agree to a plan to defeat this other woman devised by his prime minister he hoped all would be well. I assented and was married to you as a homely simpleton."

The princess kicked off her wooden shoes and displayed a pair of tiny feet incased in kid shoes. She unfastened her petticoats and appeared in a morning gown of silk and lace. Next her bodice came off and showed a corsage to match her other apparel. Then the prince folded her in his arms.

The prince at once sent for Van der Donken, who came posthaste and was informed that Prince Carl and Princess Xenia, having been married secretly, desired that preparations for their public wedding should be made with as little delay as possible. The prince never wrote Catherine what had happened, having forgotten all about her. Van der Donken returned to King Hubert, and the king was so pleased with his management of the problem that he at once created him a duke.

An announcement made that the kingdoms of Lituria and Brentino would be united by the marriage of Prince Carl and the Princess Xenia filled the people of both kingdoms with delight. A few weeks later a public marriage took place at the capital of Brentino, at which there was great rejoicing. For many years Queen Xenia preserved the red wig and wooden shoes in which she had been privately married to King Carl, and after her death they were removed to the royal museum.

As for the Princess Catherine, she was so cut up by being tricked that she never married, and after her father's death the crown of Pomaria passed to another branch of the royal family.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

Amateur Chemists Should Fight Shy of Dabbling In Them.

SCIENCE IN THEIR MAKING.

These Terribly Destructive Agents Are the Outcome of Serious Research Work—Smokeless Powders and How They Are Produced.

A word of caution to amateurs who wish to experiment with high explosives—don't. The manufacture of high explosives is now a highly specialized branch of chemistry and chemical engineering, and great technical knowledge and experience are necessary if one wishes to go through life whole. Another caution—not one of the present explosive compounds has been discovered and made practical by an amateur; they are as much a growth of scientific research as is the manufacture of aniline dyes.

The bases of the most terribly destructive explosives are very innocent substances themselves and of high importance in the arts of peace. Cotton and glycerin are the two most important raw materials used for high explosives; next come phenols, benzol, toluol, etc. Cotton is by far the most important, as its nitro compounds are the base of all smokeless powders used in cannon and rifles and explosive shells and torpedo heads.

Smokeless powder is now the most important military product of guncotton and nitroglycerin. Broadly speaking, smokeless powder is a gelatinized form of guncotton or guncotton and nitroglycerin in varying proportions, with small proportions of other substances to modify its action or to stabilize it. The general method of making each of the two types is as follows: Guncotton powders are made by dissolving a mixture of dinitro and trinitrocellulose in a mixture of alcohol and ether, working the mass until a plastic jelly is formed and then working this up with its other ingredients and finally pressing the mass into threads and cylinders or cutting up sheets of it to make small grains.

Smokeless powder for big guns and smaller rifled cannon is usually made in the form of perforated cylinders of varying sizes by forcing the plastic mass through dies. These cylinders are from an eighth of an inch to an inch in thickness and from half an inch to two inches long, the size and number of perforations varying with the size of the gun for which intended. The cylinders are perforated so that the flame from the combustion can burn them more evenly, thus securing uniform pressure in the gun and its maximum effect.

Smokeless powders are exploded by direct flame, from a friction or electric primer, the combustion being almost instantaneous. Set afire in open air smokeless powders burn fiercely, but without explosion. Unless badly deteriorated by age and consequent formation of excess of free acids, smokeless powder seldom explodes by concussion. When excessively acid it will explode spontaneously.

In appearance smokeless powder resembles yellow or amber celluloid, has a horny texture and can be cut with a knife. The powder used by the United States is a guncotton powder, a small proportion of diphenylamine and calcium carbide being added to stabilize it. The process and methods of manufacture are closely guarded secrets.

Nitroglycerin smokeless powders have as a base both guncotton and nitroglycerin. The guncotton is dissolved in the nitroglycerin, a jelly-like mass being formed. This is then dissolved in acetone or a mixture of alcohol and ether, stabilizing ingredients added and the whole worked into a plastic mass. This mass is then pressed into sticks or perforated cylinders or granulated from sheets by the same process as guncotton powder, and the finished product is similar in appearance.

Nitroglycerin powders have a greater explosive force than nitrocellulose powders, but have the drawback of being unstable and irregular in action. In fact, all smokeless powders have these defects. The perfect smokeless powder is yet to be invented, and meanwhile those who handle and store it must keep a constant watch for signs of deterioration and consequent liability to spontaneous explosion.

The most stable and effective type of smokeless powder is the English "cordite," so called because molded into strips or cords of varying length and diameter. The new type cordite is composed of approximately 65 parts of trinitrocellulose, thirty parts of nitroglycerin and five parts of mineral jelly or petrolatum, acetone being used for making the jelly and dissolving the nitrogelatin formed.

Originally petrolatum was added to cordite with the idea that it would lessen the erosion of the charge on the rifling of the gun. Later it was discovered that the petrolatum acted as an almost perfect stabilizer by preventing oxidation mechanically. Cordite formerly contained a higher proportion of nitroglycerin, but this formula has been abandoned for the later one, as the old powder was too subject to decomposition.

Blasting gelatin is similar in composition to this type of smokeless powder and is made by dissolving guncotton in nitroglycerin, the proportions of each varying as to the class and uses of the explosive. In all smokeless powders effort is made to retain some of the solvent used, as this makes it safer to handle and more uniform in composition. Camphor and similar substances are sometimes added as stabilizers.—American Druggist.

AGE OF THE EARTH.

Different Systems of Computing It and Their Varying Figures.

As long ago as 1860 John Phillips, the geologist, estimated that the time required for the deposition of the stratified rocks lay between 38,000,000 and 96,000,000 years. This was probably the only estimate prior to Kelvin's epoch making paper of 1862. Since that time many estimates have been made, varying all the way from 17,000,000 years to 400,000,000 years.

Kelvin was the first to discuss the age of the earth considered as a cooling body. In 1893 Clarence King introduced the important criterion of tidal stability and reached the conclusion that 24,000,000 represented the conditions. This result was adopted by Kelvin in 1897, and then he placed the limits as 20,000,000 and 40,000,000 years.

Only Sir George Darwin has discussed the age of the earth from a purely astronomical point of view. From his theory of the earth moon system he derived an estimate of more than 56,000,000 years, which for a long time stood between groups of higher and lower figures. J. Joley was the first to base estimates of the age of the earth in 1899 on the sodium contained in the ocean. Adopting the hypothesis that the sodium content of the ocean is derived at a constant rate from that of the rocks, he arrived at an age of 80,000,000 or 90,000,000 years and increased this by 10,000,000 in 1900. In 1909 Mr. Sollas made a searching inquiry into this subject and placed the age of the ocean at between 80,000,000 and 150,000,000 years.

A Little Mixed.

Riding in an omnibus up Regent street last evening I heard an old lady annoying the other passengers with remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle and behave as such."—London Spectator.

Evolution of the Orange.

The orange was originally a pear shaped fruit about the size of the common wild cherry. Its evolution is believed by naturalists to be due to 1,200 years of cultivation.

Woman's Way.

He (annoyed)—It's 8 o'clock, and you said you would be here at 6. She—Did I say 6? I thought I said 7."—Boston Transcript.

Hamilton Watches

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JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Harry Jodon, of Altoona, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Mrs. Brown, of Akron, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland.

Mrs. Lizzie Romac, of Bellefonte, visited Tuesday with Mrs. Thomas Shope.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tate, of Safona, visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shope.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shope and family spent Sunday in Snow Shoe.

Clay Shope, who is employed in Orviston, is spending the week at home.

Mrs. Pollyanne Dukeman, of Curtin, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. John Shultz.

Mrs. John Confer and Wilbur Confer, of Snow Shoe, visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shope.

Miss Emma Kinne, who has been visiting in Hollidaysburg, returned home on Saturday.

Miss Verna Baird left Saturday for Milton.

Thomas Quick, of Julian, spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Miss Leonore Bryan visited Wednesday in Mill Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Robison spent Sunday at Hecla Park.

Roland Bryan left Monday for Altoona, where he is employed in the shops.

Miss Jane Vaughn is visiting in Buffalo Run.

Paul Burkett Sundayed in Stormstown.

Perry Kanarr left Thursday for Altoona, where he is employed in the shops.

Miss Stella Graffmyer, of Curtin, Sundayed with Miss Gladys Glenn.

Mrs. Edward Neff and children returned Monday from Tyrone, where they have been visiting for the past few weeks.

Mrs. Ellis Bierly visited the past week in Centre Hall.

The Misses Julia and Sue Gregg are spending Thanksgiving in Altoona.

Rev. and Mrs. Clark moved Wednesday to Westover, where Rev. Clark takes charge of the Baptist church in that vicinity. The many friends of Rev. and Mrs. Clark will be sorry to see them go.

Mrs. Robert Hockenberry, of Tyrone, visited Mrs. Jane Shultz during the past week.

Mrs. John Sheckler, of Bellefonte, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. William Newman.

Miss Margaret Smith spent Sunday with Miss Lenore Bryan.

George McCloskey, of Renovo, visited one day last week with Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Haupt.

James Askey left Mouday noon for a protracted visit in Clearfield.

H. R. Robison has a new Ford car.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E church gave Mrs. John Whiteman a very pleasant surprise when they all dropped in on last Wednesday evening. It was Mrs. Whiteman's birthday. After a pleasant evening they left for their homes about 11 o'clock.

Clayton Shope left Sunday for Tyrone, where he is working.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Shope are moving to Orviston on Friday, where Clay is employed.

Mrs. H. Schindler is visiting in Zion.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Friday and Saturday in State College.

George Smith, of Unionville, Sundayed with his family on Market Street.

Rev. S. S. Clark spent Sunday in Westover, Pa.

Clyde Boggs, of Philadelphia is visiting his father, A. T. Boggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Woodring, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Woodring.

Mrs. Crossmyer, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan during the past week.

Mrs. Sue Cox, of Tyrone, visited Mr. and Mrs. James Rager during the past week.

Mrs. Elmer Bryan visited in Curtin on last Wednesday.

Mrs. Rote, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. George Croll.

The Misses Peters, of Pleasant Gap, spent Sunday with Miss Mary Boyle.

Mrs. Don Gilbert returned to her home in Philipsburg on Saturday.

Mrs. Kidwell, of Akron, Ohio, is visitihg her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland.

Mrs. Flack, of Northwood, is visiting Mrs. Jane Shultz.

Mrs. Dukeman, of Curtin, visited Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan on Tuesday.

Fred Dyke, who has been in the Bellefonte hospital for some time on account of an accident at the quarries, came home on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Edward Morrison, of Unionville, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Yorks.

Henry Hoover, of Unionville, spent a few days recently with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Yorks.

Claud Wyland, who is a guard at the Penitentiary, visited Monday with Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland.

Daniel Boyer, of Yarnell, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Clay Shope.

Mrs. Howard Spear is visiting in Zion.

Miss Gladys Glenn is visiting in Curtin.

Edward Spear is visiting Edward Funk, in Curtin.

Pine Grove Mills.

You don't want to miss the chicken and waffle supper in the town hall on Thanksgiving evening. It will be followed by a festival.

C. B. McCormick transacted business at the County Capitol on Tuesday.

Roy Bloom and J. H. Strouse are on the sick list, as is also W. G. Gardner.

George Sauers shouldered his marlin Monday for a week's hunt in the Muncy region.

John C. Dunlap, of St. Benedict, is home for his share of small game.

Two steam saw mills are being set in the gap, one to cut staves. Both will be ready for operation shortly.

Many hogs are dropping under the knife. Butcherings and big dinners are in full swing.

B. Corl Bloom transacted business in Tyrone last Friday.

The old and well known Behers farm near Waddle was sold at public sale, being hammered down at the $4500 mark to C. B. McCormick.

E. M. Watt has been attending quarter sessions court at Pittsburgh the past week. During his absence a little merchant put in his appearance who some day will make the molasses and sugar fly. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter.

Rev. Mr. Barber, a seminary student, will preach in the Presbyterian church here this coming Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

Rev. John Housman, of Altoona, filled the pulpit in the Lutheran church last Sunday and also conducted the election of a new pastor. At 2 P. M. he held the election at Gatesburg. Rev. W. H. Traub, of State College, filled the pulpit in the Pine Hall Lutheran church and also conducted the election which resulted in the resolution favoring Rev. Mr. Flick who was declared elected to Rev. Mr. Spangler's old charges.

Everybody had the buck fever on Tuesday when three of the fleet foots were parading Main Street. Some of the nimrods put their chicken coops in order to bag them. After viewing the town over leisurely the deer scampered back to old Tussey mountain. Hunters traced them to the section back of the old Academy.

J. D. Neidigh shipped a car of $1 wheat Saturday from Fairbrook station.

John Bailey Campbell, of Tyrone motored over in his Overland car to look up the wheat trade. He and his family departed Wednesday for the City of Brotherly Love where they will be guests of his brother, Dr. Henry Clay Campbell who for the past year has been identified with the University of Pennsylvania veterinary department and who is an authority on milk subjects.

Will Gates has quit the farm and accepted a position as fireman on the Pennsy at Tyrone. The farm which he tenated will be offered at public sale on December 14th together with a large stock of farm implements. As this is one of the best farms in the Buffalo Run valley it should go at a top notch price.

Comrade C. B. Hess, who has been so very ill, is now convalescing nicely. His sister, Mrs. Gordon, who came over from Erie to care for him, took seriously ill from an attack of acute indigestion and was rushed to the Mercy hospital Friday morning. Her condition was most critical.

The Colobine public sale Tuesday near Baileyville was a ringer and bidding was brisk. A team of black horses sold at $468. Cows were hammered down at $117 per head and quite a number at the round hundred mark. The sale netted over $4000.

Hereafter the Half-moon and Gatesburg patrons will get their mail from Waddle as the distributing office. Mail Agent Wasson leaves Waddle at 9 A. M., traveling west through Half moon valley to the old road, thence south to C. E. Blake's and the Miller farm to Gatesburg, thence east via Scotia and back to Waddle, a distance of 24 miles when Old Dobbin will be served with oats. In this new order of things John Field, carrier from Marengo to Gatesburg and the carrier from Port Matilda and the Gatesburg, Stormstown and Scotia postoffices will likely be out of commission. The Scotia region heretofore received its mail about 9.30 A. M. and should the postoffice be closed out the hour will be about 3.30 P. M. under the new order of things.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Margaret Hartswick late of Ferguson Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney.
A. H. HARTSWICK, Administrator, State College, Pa.

Howard.

GIVE ME THE JOY OF LIVING

Oh, give me the joy of living
And some glorious work to do!
A spirit of Thanksgiving,
With loyal heart and true;
Some pathway to make brighter,
Where tired feet now stray;
Some burden to make lighter
While 'tis day.

On the fields of the Master gleaming,
May my heart and hands be strong,
Let me know life's deepest meaning,
Let me sing life's sweetest song.
With some faithful hearts to love me,
Let me nobly do my best;
And at last, with Heaven above me,
Let me rest!

JULIAN J. CUTTER.

Mrs. Anna Harvey and Miss Nan Lucas were Sunday guests with friends in Blanchard. Also attended the revival services at the Christian church.

Miss Josie Dietz, of State College, is visiting at the home of John Wagner.

Miss Maude Mayes, of Lemont, is visiting her sister Mrs. John Mokel.

Mrs. John Wagner and daughter Hilda, were visiting friends in State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Confer, of Yarnell, are visiting Mr. Will Confer.

Vernon Dawsin, of Gallitzin, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bechdel and son spent Sunday in Bellefonte with his brother, Mr. Roy Bechdel.

Miss Mae Dietz a nurse in the Lock Haven hospital, was in town Sunday.

Mrs. George Williams visited friends in Bellefonte Sunday.

C. E. Stoner and granddaughter, of Mill Hall, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Moore Sunday.

Miss Katie Reagle, of Lock Haven, visited her grandmother, Mrs. Jane Bechdel, Monday.

Mrs. Matthew Rodgers was a Lock Haven shopper Monday.

Mrs. Ward Schenck and daughter Pearl, are spending Thanksgiving with friends in Altoona.

Miss Myrtle Pletcher a nurse-in-training at the Lock Haven Hospital, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pletcher Tuesday.

Paul Wagner who is attending State College is home for Thanksgiving.

Matthew Rogers made a business trip to Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. Emma Frantz, of Jersey Shore, was home over Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Joe Shay.

Frank Sykes made a business trip to Rochester, N. Y. last week.

Walter Cook, ticket agent, spent Sunday with his wife and daughter in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Abraham Weber left Wednesday for Newark, N. J., to visit her daughter Mrs. Paul Cheeseman.

Al. Irvin made a business trip to Bellefonte Tuesday.

Mrs. Rumberger and son, of Renovo, are visiting at the home of Tom Pletcher.

Mrs. J. Wagner made a business trip to Lock Haven Tuesday.

Logan DeArment, from Johnstown, visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. Foster DeArment.

W. Weber, W. K. McDowell and Earl Leathers, of Mt. Eagle, attended the football game in Pittsburgh Thursday.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Wilbur Pierce, of Latrobe, spent Tuesday in town with friends.

D. I. Willard went to Pittsburgh yesterday to visit over Thanksgiving with his son, Paul.

Miss Maude Johnston departed on Mouday for Pittsburgh where she is visiting with her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker and daughter, Mary, spent several days the past week in Ebensburg.

Phil Reynolds, of St. Luke's Academy at Wayne, is spending his Thanksgiving vacation with his parents, Colonel and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds.

Mrs. Thomas Beaver and son departed last Saturday for Crafton to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Prince. Mr Beaver will be with them over Thanksgiving.

Miss Grace I. Bailey Dead.

Miss Grace I. Bailey died at the Bailey homestead on Church Street, Pine Grove Mills, last Saturday morning at 3 o'clock from that dreaded disease, typhoid pneumonia. She had been ill from fever for some weeks and was believed to be recovering when she was smitten with pneumonia and four days later she passed away. Death is always sad and doubly so when it lays its hand on one so full of promise and usefulness. She was born at State College March 10, 1901 and was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Calvin Bailey. She was a regular attendant at church and the Sunday school and was a zealous worker in the Christian Endeavor society. In addition to her parents she is survived by two brothers and two sisters, Russell and William H., and Mildred and Dorothy. Burial was made Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock in the new cemetery at Pine Grove Mills, Rev. S. C. Stover officiating.

Impure blood runs you down—make you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Bitters. At all drug stores. Price $1.00.

ODD MEMORY TEST.

A Bit of Nonsense Literature Whose Author Is Unknown.

There is an odd bit of composition that has figured in nonsense literature as follows:

"So she went into a garden to pick a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie of, and a she bear, coming up the street, put her head into the shop and said, 'Do you sell any soap?' So she died, and he very imprudently married the barber, and the powder fell out of the counselor's wig, and poor Mrs. MacKay's puddings were quite entirely spoilt, and there were present the Garnelies and the Gobilies and the Pickaninnies and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top, and they played at the ancient game of 'catch who catch can' till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

The origin of the passage is obscure. Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), quotes it in one of her stories, attributing it to Samuel Foote (1720-77). The British Quarterly Review said that Foote wrote it in order to test a certain lecturer who claimed that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it.

Another account says that it was written by an actor named James Quinn (1693-1766) to puzzle Foote, with whom he had a wager that Foote could not memorize something that Quinn would write. Foote and Quinn both were noted actors in their day, and the nonsensical passage probably was the outgrowth of some convivial contest of wits between them.

It used to figure in school rhetorics to illustrate the difficulty of memorizing something that had no sense to it.

COLORING METALS.

Almost Any Hue, Bright and Lasting, Quickly Imparted to Brass.

It has been found that metals may be colored quickly and cheaply by forming on their surface a coating of a thin film of a sulphide. In five minutes brass articles may be coated any color, varying from gold to copper red, then to carmine, dark red and from light aniline blue to a blue-white like sulphide of lead and at last a reddish white, according to the thickness of the coat, which depends on the length of time the metal remains in the solution used. The colors possess a very good luster, and if the articles to be colored have been previously thoroughly cleaned by means of acids and alkalies they adhere so firmly that they may be operated upon by the polishing steel.

To prepare the solution dissolve half an ounce of hyposulphide of soda in one pound of water and add half an ounce of acetate of lead dissolved in half a pound of water. When this clear solution is heated to from 190 to 200 degrees F. it decomposes slowly and precipitates sulphide of lead in brown flakes. If metal be now present a part of the sulphide of lead is deposited thereon, and according to the thickness of the deposited sulphide of lead the above colors are produced. To produce an even coloring the articles must be evenly heated. Iron heated with this solution takes a steel blue color and will retain the coloring unless some abrasive is used to remove it.—London Chronicle.

The Penalty of Pride.

"When I was running a circus," said a retired showman, "I never lost an opportunity of advertising. I always made it a point to get my name everywhere, and whenever any one asked for my autograph you may be sure he got it. Once when I went to a little town a great string of boys and girls stood in a line waiting for a chance to get my autograph on the small cards they carried. I wrote them as fast as I could, thinking proudly, 'Felix, old boy, your name is getting to be a household word!' When I looked around the tent that afternoon I thought all the school children in the town were there. That meant money, and I was feeling pretty happy till I began looking over the receipts, and then I found over a hundred of my autographs with the words 'Admit bearer' written above them!"

Hearing Keener Than Sight.

An Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotchman once went up into a tower to see which could see the farthest through a telescope. The Englishman, who looked first, said:

"Oh, Pat, I can see the minute hand of a clock four or five miles away."

"I can see the minute hand on the same clock moving," said the Scotchman.

Pat stood in amazement listening to his comrades. When he looked through he was seen to smile. Then—

"Faith, if I don't hear the same clock striking."—Kansas City Times.

One of Those Friends.

"Wombat, I'm a friend of yours and I must tell you that today Flubdub was saying some very mean things about you."

"If you are a friend of mine why did you stand there and listen to him?"

"Well, I'm a friend of his too."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Assisting the Wicked to Flee.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," quoted the deacon to the minister.

"Yes," said the minister, who believed in muscular Christianity. "That is true, but they make much better time when somebody is after them."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Laurel Leaves.

According to an old tradition, laurel communicates the spirit of poetry and prophecy. Hence the custom of putting laurel leaves under one's pillow to acquire inspiration.

WE PAY ONE-HALF

The purchase price of this famous.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY RELIANCE PLATE

WE give coupons with every 25c. purchase of all the high grade guaranteed products made by the United Drug Company. We are willing to lose money on the silverware to get you acquainted with these goods, which are standard in their line.

"Rexall Remedies"

Liggett's and Fenway Candies, Harmony Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Stationery, Rubber Goods and hundreds of other items, household preparations, etc. When you want something ask for a United Drug Co. product because coupons are only given with these goods. You cannot afford not to secure this popular silverware, guaranteed 25 years, when you can get it on our half bought plan. As an example, this teaspoon that sells for 20c. you can get for 10c. with coupons.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

FASHIONS IN THE JUNGLE.

Even Savage Natives of South America Like to Be In Style.

Trade development is a fascinating study. I recall a voyage up the Paraguay river when I made the acquaintance of the Guarani Indian women, brave and industrious and the most accomplished head balancers on the globe. It is quite the usual thing for a woman to carry a basket on her head filled with five struggling turkeys and three chickens while she holds a youngster under one arm, a large bundle of firewood under the other, directs the progress of three children, leads a stubborn burro and smokes a long cigar.

One day I followed a bronze Hebe to her humble home by the river shore and saw her bring forth an American sewing machine and stitch away merrily. Her own garment consisted of a white creation resembling a sheet, worn Moorish fashion, but this new creation was to be a skirt in latest Buenos Aires style for little Maria, who attended the mission school and had never learned to smoke.

Women are the same the world over. In metropolis and hamlet, in brilliant court and forest wilds, they love adornment. Every woman covets the other woman's clothes. In Bogota, Colombia, the aristocracy wear Parisian and New York garments, but in the Atrato river country the poor Indian girls have nothing but fiber bark skirts to wear. One of these maids of the wilderness paddled up to the frontier trading post last spring in her father's canoe and saw a corset and a pair of stockings in the window of the store. They returned home, and a week later the most advanced fashions were revealed to the denizens of the jungle when the maid and her sister proudly paraded their native settlement with indigo blue corsets and bright red openwork hose neatly painted on their chocolate colored skin.—Harriet Chalmers Adams, F. R. G. S., in World Outlook.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Why, From a Legal Standpoint, There Is Now No Such Title.

There is no such person now as the emperor of Germany, and there never has been so far as a Prussian king is concerned. Further, there is a reason why such is so. It is no mere quibble over the form of a name.

Emperor of Germany was a title assumed by Rudolph, count of Hapsburg in 1273. By the pragmatic sanction of 1439 the title, then held by Albert II, was confined in perpetuity to the house of Austria. This succession came to an end in the person of Francis II, who after his crushing defeat by Napoleon resigned his title of emperor of Germany and took that of emperor of Austria, 1806. At the same time Austria withdrew from the leadership of the Germanic states, and Prussia, once a mere fief of Poland, stepped into the position. That movement, however, was gradual, entailing many other changes, and it was not till 1871 that the new German confederation completed its dream by the king of Prussia becoming German emperor.

William I. imagined then and continued to imagine to his dying day that he had a right to the older title, but Bismarck would have none of it, and his mandate, German emperor, became law. The reason was obvious, the emperors of Germany being the representatives of the ancient empire of the west, the Holy Roman Empire, a position impossible to the Lutheran descendant of Brandenburg electors. Moreover "emperor of" meant, as in Russia it still means, sovereign lord absolutely of land and people.—Philadelphia Ledger.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, use Allen's Foot—Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. For Dancing parties and Breaking in New Shoes it it just the thing. It gives rest and comfors to tired, swollen, aching feet. Sold everywhere, 25c.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted to do cooking and general housework. Apply at once to Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth, West Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 12 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

Neal of the Navy

By

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne)

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts, Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by cocaine smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

THE SUN WORSHIPERS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Jungle Trail.

Blindfolded and stumbling, Neal was led for miles over an almost untrod path.

As he went he listened, and twice he could have sworn he heard a woman's voice, a voice that he knew well—the voice of Annette Ilington. Once he heard her scream.

Suddenly there was a halt. There was much whispering and the low toned chattering of many people. And then Neal heard another scream—

"Neal! Neal!"

There was the trampling of a heavy body through the underbrush and then the rattling of a heavy chain and what seemed to be the unlocking of a door. There was another shriek, then silence.

Finally without warning Neal was seized in a gigantic pair of arms, tossed lightly over a huge shoulder and was carried rapidly along. Another door was opened and Neal felt himself flung—a bit too violently—into the corner of a stone-walled apartment. A door clanged to behind him and was locked and bolted. A voice assailed his ears.

"Senor," said this voice, "if you would be relieved of bonds and blinds, approach me."

Neal—not without apprehension—started up and staggered in the direction of the voice. A hand swung him about. Upon his head and wrists he felt the pressure of cold steel—the back of a sheath knife. His bonds fell at his feet. He swung about, stretched his arms and looked. Grinning sardonically at him through the bars was the face of Hernandez and behind Hernandez with blinking eyes stood the ever-present brute.

"We keep you merely for safety, senor," said Hernandez.

He swung on his heel, thrust the brute out of sight and disappeared.

Neal noted now that he was confined in a stone cell—dingy, dirty, miserable. He jumped at once to the correct conclusion. This was a fort.

He examined his cell critically. The mortar was disintegrating. The fort was very old. He took out his knife—they had still left him that—and stabbed viciously at the space in between the stones.

There was a rattle at the door of Neal's cell. A native insurrecto opened the door and set upon the floor a jug of water and a loaf of disreputable looking bread. Almost at the same time there was a rattle at the door of Annette's dungeon cell. She ceased her tapping suddenly and turned. The brute was entering—also with refreshments, such as they were.

Instead of disposing of these at once, he strode forward, his huge body towering above her, and held them out to her with a strange gleam in his eyes. She took the food and drink and laid them down upon the bench, staring at the brute the while. The huge anomaly took this as an invitation. He shambled closer toward her, never once removing his glance from her upturned wondering face. Then without warning he thrust forth a hand and stroked her hair.

Annette was startled. Yet there was so much docility in the expression of this half man, half animal, that she instinctively submitted to his touch. And there was something else—something struggling for expression in those strange, wide open eyes.

There was a quick step behind the brute and Hernandez entered. Annette shrank back into a corner of the cell.

The brute gazed at him, but still stood his ground. Hernandez in a rage struck him sharply on the shoulder and thrust him toward the door. The Brute, cringing in his turn, half fell, half shuffled out of the cell, followed by Hernandez raining blows upon his back.

Hours passed. Suddenly an ominous whisper spread through the fort—a whisper of apprehension. There was much bustle.

During an interval of comparative quiet there was wafted into the range of Neal's hearing the one word—"Americanos." Then with two successive clangs the cell doors, Neal's and Annette's, were flung back.

They were bound and once more blindfolded. Then, each in the center of an ample escort, they stumbled, plunged and staggered once more through the jungle trail.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sanctuary.

Meantime things had happened. Outside the fort there was camped a gang of about fifty insurrectos. Many were wounded; all seemed to be in tatters.

They had with them three Americanos. One was Joe Welcher, who sat sullenly upon the ground smoking a cigarette. Inez Castro was also in evidence. The third Americano was Neal Hardin's mother. She was the subject of considerable discussion, for she was ill.

"Get me two donkeys," said Hernandez. "I will send her back down the trail with Senorita Castro and Welcher."

A quarter of a mile away on the top of a jagged rock that thrust its head above the surrounding foliage there crouched a native scout. He watched a cruiser slowly steaming up the coast. He watched the shore—and the trails leading from the shore.

Suddenly he started—he had seen something ominous. He clung to his perch for one instant peering down to make quite certain. Then he scrambled to the ground and then crawled, leaped, staggered through the brush. He reached the insurrectos' camp and clutched his leader's arm.

"Americanos, capitan," he panted breathlessly. "They come."

"From whence?" queried the leader.

The insurrecto scout indicated the direction. Fear spread itself over the countenance of the leader.

Hernandez grunted. "We must vamoose. Senorita Castro," he said to Inez, "you and the two Americans shall go thither—east." He nodded

There Was Something Struggling for Expression in Those Strange Eyes.

to the leader. "We go west at once—and with our prisoners."

It takes the trained eye of a native to know a trail when he meets one in the well-nigh impossible jungles of Dolores. The United States marines, a little squad of 25 men, were beginning to realize this fact. For an hour they followed blind trail after blind trail, only to retrace their steps to a given starting point.

"Never mind," said their officer. "They're up there and we'll get them, and then—"

He stopped. A shower of dirt and small stones spattered on his head.

The officer looked up. Above him towered a cliff, and half way to the top of this cliff there ran a narrow ledge—a mountain pass. The officer ducked, for there was another shower of dirt and gravel. Then he caught sight of a donkey's tail swishing out over the precipice.

"I've got the trail," he said, "and a good trail it is, for it leads here—here to our very feet."

He was quite right. Some three-quarters of an hour later Inez and her small party passed that very spot—a spot now deserted.

Suddenly twenty-five American marines with drawn bayonets sprang from the jungle as by magic and surrounded them.

Inez, excellent actress, breathed an audible sigh of relief. "At last," she said, "we have found you."

The ensign advanced toward her and saluted. He glanced doubtfully at the half-dozen insurrectos wearing uniforms.

"Who are you?" he demanded of Inez.

"These," said Inez, with a wave of her hand, "are Dolores regulars who have befriended us, and we are three Americans, and one of us is sick. It is for her that we seek refuge."

He strode swiftly to the side of Mrs. Hardin. She was swaying helplessly from side to side in the saddle of her donkey, supported by two insurrecto escorts.

"Neal, Neal," she cried.

Inez dismounted and approached the officer. "She has the fever," she exclaimed, "and she raves in her speech all the time, lieutenant; she makes up names—all kinds of names."

"There are other Americans in the mountains?" he queried.

Inez opened wide her eyes and shook her head. "We saw none, sir," she said.

The ensign pondered. "This woman needs immediate attention. Take her to the launch and thence to the Albany." He bowed to Inez and beckoned to Joe Welcher. "You two must go along," he said soberly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Corazon del Sol.

After a march of hours in the very thickest of the jungle, Hernandez halted his band of insurrectos. The respite was welcomed. Exhaustion reigned supreme. Hernandez picked out two of the sleeker looking revolutionists.

"This trail," he said to them, "has been lately traveled. See where it leads."

Hernandez went back to his captives. He carried with him thick pieces of bread. He unloosed the bandages from their eyes.

"Mine hostages," he said lightly, "eat, drink and be merry."

Three miles further on there was a clearing in the jungle. Across this clearing was an ancient gateway and a crumbling stone wall, older than historic man himself. Two unprepossessing stolid stone figures guarded this gateway. A third guard now entered the foreground and passed through the ancient ruined gateway.

He was a living guard, but of a dead race. He was an Aztec. He had heard noises and he had come out to see as well as to hear.

And suddenly he saw and was seen in turn. Wriggling through the portions of the edge of the clearing suddenly appeared the two scouts sent forward by Hernandez. They crouched there, staring speechlessly at the Aztec warrior. He in his turn stared speechlessly at them.

But they had seen more than he had. They had caught a glimpse through that gateway of a mass of leaping, twisting flame, and they knew it for the thing it was.

An hour later, panting, breathless, with their tongues hanging out and their eyes still wide with terror, they crept up to Hernandez and clutched him by the arms.

"Corazon del Sol," they cried, their faces twisted with terror.

Ponto heard them. His eyes gleamed with sudden interest. He waddled to the side of Hernandez and nodded understandingly.

"Corazon del Sol," repeated Hernandez. "The Heart of the Sun."

Ponto nodded again. "The Heart of the Sun," he repeated.

"Well, what of it?" asked Hernandez.

"The lost tribe," whispered the scouts. "The Aztecs. Come," they cried, "we have no time to lose. They will be upon us. Fly."

Hernandez gripped each man by the wrist. "Speak, Ponto," he demanded.

Ponto tapped himself upon his chest. "I am of Aztec blood myself," he said. "I have heard of this lost tribe. I have heard of this city of Corazon del Sol. Many assume it to be a myth, senor, but it is no myth."

Hernandez nodded. "How many inhabitants of Corazon del Sol?" he queried.

"Tradition has it," said Ponto, "that it is a town surrounded by a wall and that its population never increases." He smiled grimly. "What human beings it does not need, it feeds to the Heart of the Sun—the flame."

"It will feed all of us to the flame," cried the scouts. "We must go back—back."

Hernandez leered. "Ponto," he said, "in front of us, according to these insurrectos, is a fiery furnace with a million foes. Behind us, camping on our trail somewhere, is a handful of American marines. Which do you choose?"

"Forward," said Ponto, "to the fiery furnace. Deliver me from a handful of marines."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Anger of a God.

Within the walls of Corazon del Sol there lived a god. He didn't know he lived—he was quite ignorant of his own existence. If he had ever lived he would have died from ugliness. But there were those who knew he lived. They were the inhabitants of this ancient Aztec village—Corazon del Sol, the Heart of the Sun. They knew he lived, because periodically and quite persistently he demanded flesh.

Just now he stared straight before him through the gates of the crumbling walls. The high priest followed his glance.

Suddenly the high priest started and held high his hand. A group of Aztec warriors answered the summons. In crude uneven order this crowd rushed through the gates and stood at bay. Across the clearing was another group—Hernandez and his crowd. The two groups faced each other, tense, wondering.

The high priest spoke—uttering unintelligible jargon. Hernandez turned to Ponto.

"What does this old devil say?" he demanded.

Ponto was panting with terror.

"He says," said Ponto, "that he wants to talk to you."

Hernandez pondered for a moment and toyed with the weapon in his hand.

Then he crossed the clearing and faced the high priest. Ponto from his vantage point of comparative safety translated in thin high-strung tones.

"You are interlopers," said the priest angrily, his cruel eyes watching

Annette Was Watching With Eyes Wide With Terror.

the terror he inspired, "and you shall be destroyed. Behind me is fire, sudden death. We have many thousand warriors. We have an insatiable god. We brook no strangers—we tolerate no enemies. You are an enemy, you and yours. Go, and go at once."

"We are not enemies," returned Hernandez. "We are travelers—weary travelers. We have lost our way. We need rest and food. To turn back now means death."

The high priest shrugged his shoulders. "Follow me," he said.

He turned and passed between the divided group of warriors and entered the gate.

Hernandez followed, entering the walls three paces behind the priest. He led Hernandez to the center of the village.

With a long, lean, skinny finger, the high priest pointed to the sun god. He prostrated himself, then rose and gave a sharp command. Two Aztecs, clad in scarlet robes, darted forward, each with a burning brand raised high above his head. Before Hernandez was a pit sunk into the ground. It was piled high with fuel and from this pit there rose quite a familiar odor—the odor of petroleum. In went the burning brands and in the twinkling of an eye the fuel caught fire and a leaping, twisting flame sprang into the air.

Hernandez drew back. The flame was hot. It grew hotter as he watched. In a few moments it was a seething, roaring furnace.

Hernandez stood with folded arms. The high priest swooped down upon him and denounced him in withering jargon. Hernandez knew what it meant. It meant that they were to go.

"Ponto," he cried, "come here."

Ponto, quivering, crept through the double line of Aztec warriors and through the gate. Hernandez jerked his head toward the priest.

"Tell him," said Hernandez, "that he must take us in."

Ponto obeyed. He began to plead in his oiliest accents. The high priest was firm. Once again he held up his hand and from every hut in the inclosure there sprang forth another group of warriors.

"Run, partner," cried Ponto, "run for your life."

But Hernandez did not run, for suddenly the countenance of the high priest had changed. A crafty smile spread over his leathery old face. Ponto followed his glance. At the other end of the clearing with a ray of sunshine full upon her crouched Annette Ilington.

Without removing his glance from the girl the high priest touched Hernandez on the arm and spoke in high shrill accents.

"What does he say?" demanded Hernandez of Ponto.

Ponto shivered. "He says," returned Ponto, "the sun god is angry. That he has commanded his people to destroy you all. That he will smite you hip and thigh unless—"

"Unless what?" queried Hernandez.

"You give the white girl to the god and the rest of you can get food and succor within the walls—the white girl for the god."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Bride's Revolt.

Hernandez pondered once again. Then he nodded.

"We'll do it," he returned. "Tell that beast out there to bring the white girl in."

Ponto turned and ran waddling outside the gates. He gave a brief command to the brute and at the word the brute seized Annette and held her high upon his shoulder. At another work of command the brute marched toward the gate and entered it.

The high priest stood quivering, watching the approach of Annette and the brute. The four Aztecs in flaming red robes darted forward and held out quivering hands toward Annette.

"Give her to them," cried the priest.

"Give her to them," commanded Hernandez.

But the brute, his feet planted wide apart, stood his ground.

Hernandez sprang toward him, angrily seized the ever-ready whip from Ponto's hand and lashed the brute fiercely. He nodded to the four crimson-clad men and they tore Annette roughly away and dragged her to the temple. Neal hurled himself at the four acolytes, but Hernandez dragged him back.

Neal was then thrust into a dungeon and its door was locked.

Meantime within the temple things were happening. Annette found herself in an apartment gorgeously furnished with Aztec tapestries. Two old women—toothless, ugly—women with beards, attended Annette, chuckling and mumbling to themselves in glee. They produced from the recesses of the temple a dress, gorgeous, bizarre. They draped it upon Annette's slender form. They hung her head, neck and arms with glittering ornaments, and then they beckoned to her and led her to a window, and pointed, chuckling, through it.

Annette knew not what they said, but Ponto without distinguished easily the meaning of the high shrill tones.

"The sun god waits—is waiting for his bride."

Annette's glance traveled past the sun god. She started back in horror. Into that seething pit beyond the acolytes were casting huge quantities of fuel—pouring the contents of huge jars of oil upon the flames. Her glance traveled still beyond, and across an intervening space she saw a dungeon window and the white face of Neal. He waved his hand. And then strong hands were placed upon her shoulders and she was lifted from her feet and half dragged, half carried out of the temple into the center of the clear space before the sun god. The ceremony had begun.

Neal tore his glance for a moment from this scene and examined his cell. There was a window at his back—a heavily barred window. He seized the bars in desperation and found to his surprise that they were loose. With a superhuman effort, he thrust the bars outward, leaped through the aperture and darted swiftly into the jungle; then he looked about him for a tree and found the one he wanted.

It was a high tree, very high. He climbed it swiftly—climbed it to its topmost branches. Cruising slowly off the shore—and the shore was not very far away—was his cruiser Albany.

He braced himself among the branches with his feet, ripped off his shirt, tied it by the arms about a broken branch and signaled to the ship.

Within the walls Ponto, still terror-stricken with the sun god's anger, turned his back for a moment upon that deity and upon that deity's high priest. Then suddenly he saw something. In the top of a high tree without the walls there was a white rag fluttering to and fro—and something more. A man.

Ponto gripped Hernandez's arm and pointed upward. The face of Hernandez froze. He darted toward the dungeon, saw that it was empty, then beckoning Ponto and the brute he darted to the stone wall and with their aid clambered over it.

Ponto, with considerably less agility and with the assistance of the brute, followed his companion over, and the brute in turn, his head and shoulders lashed with Ponto's whip wielded over the top of the wall, swung himself over and followed them.

Annette noticed the confusion—was the first to see it. Suddenly striking an attitude she raised her hand and arm and pointed toward the white flag fluttering from the tree top. The high priest stopped his droning and followed the direction of her hand with his glance. His acolytes stopped and stared—so did everybody else.

Annette saw her opportunity. Upon a standard by her side lay a heavy copper scepter. She seized it. Lithe as her body was she had inherited great strength—wonderful agility. Without a moment's hesitation she swung the scepter viciously about her head, dashing the high priest and his acolytes to the ground, knocking the Aztec warriors to right and left. Like a whirlwind she fought her way toward the gate, slammed it behind her and sped away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

By His Eyelids.

Hernandez and his two companions reached the tree. They reconnoitered. Above him in the swaying branches, all ignorant of the group below, Neal wigwagged his signals toward the Albany. His heart leaped within him, for the Albany wigwagged in return. She was doing more—she was sending off her fastest launch shoreward, crowded to the gunwale with marines—marines who knew their business.

Below Hernandez smiled a diabolical smile. He was watching, not Neal but the swaying of the tree.

"Look," he said to Ponto, "see how these roots tug at this scant earthen covering. She is a tree growing on a rock. She totters. And she is more than a tree growing on a rock—she grows on the edge of a cliff. Beast come here. Tell him, Ponto, what to do."

Ponto told him, emphasizing his commands with the ever-ready whip. The brute obeyed. He set his shoulders to the tree trunk and began steadily, tirelessly, persistently to push.

"Now, now," cried Hernandez, in a frenzy of excitement. "On, on."

The tree crashed desperately over the edge and toppled into the depths beneath.

As she did so there was a scream—a woman's scream—Annette's. Hernandez heard it; so did Ponto; but they could not locate it. Out of their sight, somewhere along that cliff, Annette was crouching watching with eyes wide with terror. She saw the tree bend slowly outward, though she did not know the cause.

Then her heart leaped within her, for the tree had dropped, toppling head over heels, so to speak, but by some great chance it had brushed Neal lightly, not heavily, against the cliff, and then had plunged down to its own doom leaving him grappling for his life with a clump of bushes on a narrow ledge below.

She saw all this and so did Hernandez and his partner, Ponto. Ponto smote the brute upon the shoulder. He pointed to a huge stone at his feet.

"Finish him," he commanded. "Go down and finish him."

The brute seized the stone and crept warily down a narrow path and reached the ledge upon which clung Neal.

The brute slowly raised the rock above his head. As he did so a small firm hand clutched him by the shoulder—a woman's hand. He turned and looked into the eyes of Annette Ilington. As though hypnotized he dropped the rock.

"Help him," commanded Annette, "help him. Do as I say."

Hernandez, white with rage, thrust Ponto behind him and leaned far over the edge of the cliff shaking his clenched hand impotently at the brute.

"Do as I say," he commanded. "I will flay you if you don't."

He leaned too far, not for his own safety, but for the safety of some of his belongings. A paper packet wriggled easily and joyously out of his breast pocket and slipped easily and joyously down the cliff, landing almost at Annette's feet.

The brute turned suddenly, darted forward, stretched forth a huge hand and jerked Neal from his precarious position up to the ledge—up to safety.

The three stood there clinging to the side of the cliff; the brute panting with wonder, Neal and Annette panting with relief. Suddenly Annette stooped and picked up a packet that lay at her feet. She uttered a little cry of recognition—and with good cause.

It was the identifying map—part of the evidence that linked her with the lost Isle of Cinnabar.

Ten minutes later Neal flung up his hands and cheered—and with good cause. Over the brow of a hill, clambering like mad, there swarmed up through the jungle a crowd of United States marines.

Hernandez and Ponto saw them from above and with wild oaths turned and incontinently fled. The brute, obeying a sudden impulse, crept swiftly along the ledge and followed his retreating masters.

Neal and Annette ascended more cautiously and carefully. They met

The Brute Slowly Raised the Rock Above His Head.

the little squad of marines on the top of the cliff and joined them in the double quick toward the Aztec stronghold. They reached the clearing. The gates of the walled city were open and the walls bristled with armored Aztec warriors. The marines fixed their bayonets and made ready for a charge.

Suddenly, however, Neal held up his hands. "Listen," he exclaimed. From the unseen waters beyond there was the boom of a gun.

"It's my gun," said Neal. "I know her when she speaks—my six-inch gun."

The officer in charge of the squad held up his hand. "Halt," he commanded.

His squad halted. It was well they did. Through the open gate they could see the sun god's demoniacal countenance twisting and mounting in the red glare of the altar's flames. Across the strip of jungle they could hear the boom-boom of the gun.

Neal slapped his thigh with joy. "He's got the range already, boys," he cried. "Wait. Look—look—look."

With a mighty shout of triumph the marines leaped into the air yelling like demons themselves. They had good cause, for the gunner on the Albany had more than found the range—he had planted an exploding shell in the very middle of the sun god—and the sun god and his temple, amid shrieks from a hundred throats—burst into a thousand pieces—and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who Kissed Him?

A Story of the Breaking Out of the Great European War.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Edward Brewerton was considered the handsomest man in his class at college. His was not that class of beauty that is purely physical; he was an intellectual fellow, a man of character, and this was stamped upon his features. Moreover, though there were girls who were stupid enough to tell him that he was an Apollo, instead of making him conscious of his beauty, it disgusted him.

On leaving college Ned concluded to see something of the world before settling down to work. He sailed with the American multitude in June for Genoa, from there proceeded to the Italian lakes and thence on into Switzerland through the St. Gothard tunnel. In the train leaving Lugano and in the same compartment with him were half a dozen American girls traveling under the care of a middle aged lady. The girls were evidently having the time of their lives. Their duenna was giving them instructions by the way, pointing out this and that object of interest, a peak, a cascade, the track of an avalanche, anything that they should notice.

Ned had met no Americans in his journey thus far—at least had made no acquaintances among them—and was at once seized with a desire to know these young ladies. One does not realize how precious one's fellow countrymen are till he meets them in a foreign land. Not only were these ladies fellow countrywomen of Ned, but they were all pretty, some of them very pretty, and there was one of them that had a pair of the most kissable lips he had ever seen.

The young man, though desirous of forming the acquaintance of this party, and especially the one with the kissable lips, sat with them for some time without meeting any excuse for doing so. One of them dropped a guidebook, but before Ned could pick it up the girl recovered it herself. Though he watched for an opportunity, none came. At last an idea came to him.

It occurred to Brewerton to put this party off their guard by pretending to be a foreigner and ignorant of the English language. He spoke German indifferently and French tolerably. When the guard took up the tickets Ned asked him some questions in German. This was sufficient to indicate his nationality. Later when the duenna asked him in English how many minutes were required for the train to pass through the tunnel he replied in German that he did not understand her.

This loosened the tongues of the girls.

"Lill," said one to another, "you've lost your bet that he is Italian."

"And you've lost yours that he is English."

"I knew he was German. He is my ideal of the principal character in Wagner's opera of 'Lohengrin,'" said another.

These remarks were made in a low tone, with continuous glances at Ned, who was apparently intent on the splendid scenery through which the train was moving. He did not hear all that was said, but he heard enough to tell him that he was an object of interest to his fellow travelers. Indeed, he received more attention than the peaks and the waterfalls along the route.

The kissable young lady in the party was, judging from a mischievous smile that hovered about her pretty lips, the arch mischief maker of the lot. They called her Jack, all except the duenna, who addressed her as Jaquelin. To her not even the most magnificent peak lifting its head far above the clouds was a matter of serious consideration. It was of red stone, and she spoke of it as the "red headed one." She made several comical remarks about Ned which he heard plainly and caused her companions to laugh.

There is a station near the southern entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel, where all trains stop before plunging into the mountain, and many of the passengers alight to stretch their legs. Ned got out and walked back and forth beside the train. When he passed the compartment occupied by the girls two of them were at the window. They looked at him, their eyes dancing with mischief.

"I should not be surprised," he said to himself, "if, before this journey is over, those imps will play some game on me."

When the train was about to start he re-entered the compartment, and the few hundred yards separating the station and the mountain were soon passed. Just before leaving daylight he glanced up at the roof of the car and observed that the light had been covered by a woman's traveling hat, but had no time to determine how the feat had been accomplished. When the train entered the tunnel there was not a ray of light in the compartment.

It requires just a quarter of an hour to pass through the St. Gothard tunnel. Not a word was spoken during the passage. Some five or six minutes had elapsed when suddenly Ned felt a pair of lips pressed against his. That they were feminine was evident from the fact that, besides himself, there were only women in the compartment. Ned made a grab, but his hand slipped over a fabric of woman's apparel.

One of the girls had kissed him. Whoever she was she must have made a careful observation as to his exact position, for she could not see him. She first struck his cheek, but instantly passed to his lips. The whole contact occupied only one or two seconds.

Nine or ten minutes of darkness remained, during which the perpetrator of this bit of mischief might compose herself. Doubtless all the girls were conspirators and would bear themselves in such manner as to protect the guilty one. Probably the kissing had been done on a bet. Ned's opinion was that Jack had been the perpetrator, but he could not be sure.

The matter must have been well arranged during the stop before the train entered the tunnel, for when it emerged there was not the slightest indication on the face of any of the girls that anything unusual had occurred. Ned scanned the features of each without observing any betrayal. As for Jack, she began at once as soon as there was light to read a guidebook. The only person in the party who did not seem to have a secret was the duenna, and Ned made up his mind that the mischief had been hatched without her knowledge.

The ride to Lucerne was not long. Though Ned kept his ears open for information, not a word was spoken that would give him even an inkling as to which one of the girls had kissed him. He watched to see if the party were going to a hotel, intending to go to the same hostelry. But they went to a pension, and he lost track of them.

One day while Ned was in Munich a clap of thunder came from a clear sky in a declaration of war by Austria against Servia. It was followed by another from Russia, another from Germany, from France, England and the rest.

Ned, who was intending to return to America by way of England, had drawn the balance on his letter of credit, consisting of some $600. It was evident to him that he had better get out of Europe as quickly as possible. But by what route? To make his way through France seemed next to impossible. Italy was a neutral country, and the distance compared with any other route was short. He would go to Italy.

But the only mode of conveyance was legs. This did not trouble him. Indeed, he had been making pedestrian tours among the Alps. Putting what clothes he could carry in a pack on his back, he sallied forth to walk something like a hundred and fifty miles. Unfortunately he must pass through a portion of Austria. As soon as he struck the border he found everything in confusion. He was obliged to show his passport continually, and, as for getting a conveyance for any part of his journey, that was out of the question.

One morning while he was trudging along within ten or twelve miles of the Italian border he saw an Austrian officer with several soldiers stop an automobile and say something to some women in it, and they got out. Then the officer put one of his men in it for a chauffeur, and the machine sped away, leaving the women in the road.

Ned inferred that the machine had been taken by the Austrian government and hastened to offer his sympathies. He found a despairing group. And to his astonishment they were the duenna and the girls with whom he had passed through the St. Gothard tunnel. Forgetting that he was supposed to be a German, he said in good American English:

"Ladies, can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" exclaimed all the girls in a breath.

"For heaven's sake," said the duenna, "what are we going to do?"

"It is ten miles to the Italian border," replied Ned. "If you are able to walk it I think we can get a conveyance of some kind there."

"But we haven't a dollar with which to hire a conveyance."

"Don't trouble yourselves about that. I am well provided."

Under Ned's guidance and protection the party set out for the Italian border, striking it on a railroad north of Verona. They succeeded in getting transportation to Milan and thence to Genoa.

All expenses were paid by Ned until the party reached Genoa, where they found that certain Americans in Italy desirous of going home had chartered a steamer. The women were still without money, and Ned had just enough to carry them all home.

"I will pay the passage of each and all of you," he said to them, "on one condition."

"Name any condition you like," said the duenna.

"Tell me which one of you kissed me in the St. Gothard tunnel."

"Never!" exclaimed all the girls at once.

"Very well; then you'll remain in Italy."

Finally Jack broke the deadlock. "I cannot tell a lie. It was our chaperon."

There was a burst of laughter, and Brewerton gave in, pretending to take Jack's confession for a real one, though he knew that she was the guilty person.

The girls and their duenna occupied one stateroom on the return voyage, and Ned slept on deck.

Ned and Jaquelin on moonlight nights sat on deck a great deal. There is no further record of any more kisses between them, but Ned having tasted the lips of his companion once was not likely to sit in the moonlight without tasting them again.

A month after their arrival Ned and Jack became man and wife.

AMOS THE FEARLESS PROPHET

Amos 5:1-15.—Nov. 28.

Amos the Shepherd Becomes Amos the Prophet—Divine Methods of Presenting the Prophet's Message—Israel Guilty of Injustice and Oppression—Lessons For Our Day—Israel's Recovery Foretold—Fulfillment of This Prophecy Now Due.

"He that hath My Word, let him speak My Word faithfully."—Jeremiah 23:28.

THE Prophet Amos belongs to a period about a century after the Prophets Elijah and Elisha and about two centuries before the Prophets Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel. Like David, he was a sheep tender, a farmer, upon whom the Lord poured His Spirit with mighty power, sending him to proclaim the disasters sure to come upon Israel unless they repented of their iniquities.

The brunt of the Prophet's message fell against the ten-tribe kingdom. The Divine method of presenting this matter is noteworthy.

The Shepherd-Prophet Amos.

The message began with the adjoining nations, and proceeded gradually to Israel, the ten-tribe kingdom. We can fancy the attention given the message by the Israelites until the weight to the Prophet's testimony was found to be against them. Then we may be sure that there was great indignation.

This denunciation of Israel occurs chiefly in chapters 3-6 and chapter 7:9-17. When the Prophet openly foretold the fall of the reigning dynasty, Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, interfered, bidding Amos to return to his own country. But under the special power of the Holy Spirit, using him to deliver a particular message, the Prophet refused to return home until he had accomplished his errand. He also added to the retribution of Israel some prophecies respecting the priest's own household.

"Not All That Say, Lord, Lord."

Today's lesson is a part of the Prophet's pleading with the Israelites to return to harmony with God and thus to avert the impending calamities. History shows that the time was a very prosperous period, not only for Judah, but also for Israel. The prosperity was of an earthly kind. Riches were accumulated. But these were in the hands of the great.

The Prophet then warns the rich that the poor were being unjustly dealt with. He intimates that from this source trouble would ultimately come, and that the only terms upon which they could hope to live as a nation would be by seeking the Lord. It would be vain for them to seek help at Bethel, Gilgal or Beersheba, the centers of their religious institutions, which were corrupt; for these would all go down in the predicted trouble.

God Himself must be sought with an honest heart; also He would cause destruction to break out like a fire and destroy the House of Joseph. The ten-tribe kingdom is here called the House of Joseph, because of the preponderating influence of the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, which had sprung from Joseph. Hence a fire breaking out in the House of Joseph means the destruction which would come upon the ten-tribe kingdom unless they repented of their evil course.

The Prophet then particularizes some of the wrongs of his day. Justice was not rendered in their courts. The poor who appealed to the courts got wormwood—bitterness, disappointment. He declares that righteousness was cast down to the earth; that equity was not a matter of primary consideration; that bribery was rife; that wealth, power and influence could accomplish almost anything. There must be a turning from this condition; and relief could come only from turning to the Lord.

God Careth For the Poor and Needy.

In Verse 9 the Prophet intimates that God's power would be with the poor and oppressed for their deliverance, and that this would mean destruction against the strong and powerful, against those who hate reproof and oppose the upright.

Verses 11 and 12 particularize the nature of the injustice which should be discontinued. Verse 13 implies that there were some Israelites who did not approve the general course; but that these, a helpless minority, kept silence from prudential reasons—because the time was evil and to have espoused the cause of the oppressed would have accomplished no good results. But the Prophet was especially commissioned of the Lord to give this very reproof, and must therefore speak his message boldly.

Amos and Azariah.

The lesson closes with an exhortation that the Prophet's hearers make a thorough reformation—that they seek good and not evil, love righteousness and hate sin. Then indeed they might apply to themselves God's promises, as they were already disposed to do. Such claims would be appropriate enough if they conformed to the Divine requirements, but not otherwise. If they as a people would come into line with God's requirements, He would be gracious to them. Otherwise they must expect chastisements.

DESERTED VESSELS.

Mysterious Wanderers Mariners at Times May Meet at Sea.

At least once in my life I have had the good fortune to board a deserted vessel at sea. I say "good fortune" because it has left me the memory of a singular impression. I have felt a ghost of the same thing two or three times since then when peeping through the doorway of an abandoned house, writes Wilbur Daniel Steele in Harper's Magazine.

Now, that vessel was not dead. She was a good vessel, a sound vessel, even a handsome vessel, in her blunt browed, coastwise way. She sailed under four lowers across as blue and glittering a sea as I have ever known, and there was not a point in her sailing that one could lay a finger upon as wrong. And yet passing that schooner at two miles one knew somehow that no hand was on her wheel. Sometimes I can imagine a vessel stricken like that moving over the empty spaces of the sea carrying it off quite well were it for for that indefinable suggestion of a stagger, and I can think of all those ocean gods, in whom no landsman will ever believe, looking at one another and tapping their foreheads with just the shadow of a smile.

I wonder if they all scream—these ships that have lost their souls? Mine screamed. We heard her voice like nothing I have ever heard before, when we rowed under her counter to read her name—the Marionette it was of Halifax.

I remember how it made me shiver, there in the full blaze of the sun, to hear her going on so, railing and screaming in that stark fashion. And I remember, too, how our footsteps, pattering through the vacant internals in search of that haggard utterance, made me think of the footsteps of hurrying warders roused in the night.

And we found a parrot in a cage; that was all. It wanted water. We gave it water and went away to look things over, keeping pretty close together, all of us. In the quarters the table was set for four. Two men had begun to eat, by the evidence of the plates. Nowhere in the vessel was there any sign of disorder, except one sea chest broken out, evidently in haste. Her papers were gone, and the stern davits were empty. That is how the case stood that day, and that is how it stood to this. I saw this same Marionette a week later, tied up in a Hoboken dock, where she awaited news from her owners. But even there, in the midst of all the water front bustle, I could not get rid of the feeling that she was still very far away—in a sort of shippish other world.

The thing happens now and then. Sometimes half a dozen years will go by without a solitary wanderer of this sort crossing the ocean paths, and then in a single season perhaps several of them will turn up, vacant waifs, impassive and mysterious.

Negative Suggestion.

Legend tells of a Hindu fakir who seemed to have a working knowledge of practical psychology and made himself rich selling plain wicker baskets in the streets of Calcutta.

The peculiar virtue of the baskets, he explained to the buyers, lay in the fact that if one filled his basket with ordinary pebbles, placed himself in a receptive attitude of mind and stirred them with a stick for an hour, each and every pebble would be transmitted into a nugget of gold—provided the stirrer did not think of a hippopotamus while stirring.

The baskets were sold, but the idea of a hippopotamus was so firmly fixed in the minds of all the purchasers that not one of them ever had legitimate grounds on which to demand his money back.

Colloquialisms.

One of the most common surprises in reading is to come across in old books what we have been accustomed to taking for modern colloquialisms. We have just struck this: "Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a rod?" Where? In Epictetus. The modern form is likely to be a poker, but we had always looked upon the whole image as essentially American. It is in reading the Elizabethans that this experience is most frequent, although one is likely to have it in reading any classic. The best colloquialisms are likely to be the oldest.—Harper's Weekly.

Save Your Money

and put it in bank. Everyone should have close relations with a well managed institution. You will make no mistake in making us your bankers.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

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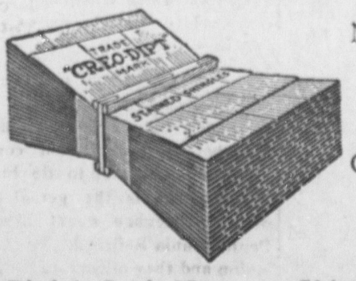

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Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

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P. B. CRIDER & SON

KEEPING YOUNG.

Old Age Is Not by Any Means Merely a Matter of Years.

There is no scientific evidence to show that late youth and middle age are the periods of commencing decrepitude and "old age." Man grows old because he is injured; because his body cells are poisoned, and not because he has lived just so many years. There is no relentless law determining when a man shall grow old. The tradition "three score years and ten" is conditioned mainly on the manner of living and not by any natural law. But man has it in his power to modify these conditions either for better or worse.

Probably a greater luxury of living which is not balanced by proper physical exercises is a primary condition to be reckoned with. But temperance all along the line—in eating, drinking, working, playing and even in resting—has been suggested as a wiser principle to hold to. This avoids the possibility of rusting out on the one hand or of wearing out on the other.

Yet there is another way and a more worthy reason for retaining youth and deferring old age—cultivate health for the love and pleasure of it. The monthly letter of the Life Extension institute says of this suggestion: "It is not a fear of illness or of death that we should encourage, but a love of health, a sense of responsibility for the care of our bodies, a desire for bodily endurance and efficiency and full achievement. If the mind is fixed on these ideals and the already known means of approaching them are utilized, heart disease, kidney trouble and the needless miseries that embitter the lives of so many may be left to take care of themselves. It is not so much necessary to fight disease as to cultivate health for the happiness, contentment and moral gain that it brings."

How Much Iron Can We Make?

Iron furnaces of this country, including all in blast or idle, could, according to the Iron Age, "apparently produce about 40,000,000 tons if they remained in blast a year." This would be 9,000,000 tons above the maximum calendar year output. The Iron Age doubts, however, if all the furnaces could stay in blast a full year, and suggests a trifle over 38,000,000 tons as maximum capacity.

Very Annoying.

"I can't bear these men novelists," declared one lady.

"Why not?" the other inquired.

"They calmly tell you that the heroine wore a gown which fascinated a duke and not a word as to what it was made of or how it was trimmed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Untrue.

"Your leading lady is not true to life."

"What's the matter?"

"In the first act she receives a telegram, and you have her open it without fear or trembling."—Detroit Free Press.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one less rascal to the world.—Carlyle.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Don't suffer longer with

RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Mrs. Earl Tuten and children returned on Tuesday to DuBois.

Mrs. Edward Garman has been visiting this week with relatives in Tyrone.

Mrs John J. Irwin, of Altoona, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin.

Mrs. Garber will hold a Thanksgiving dance in the Bush Arcade hall tonight.

Mrs. E. B. Green, of Altoona, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hazel.

Rev. Father Quinn and Joseph Sourbeck were visitors to Pittsburgh yesterday.

Edmund Platts, of Wilkinsburg, spent the forepart of the week with Bellefonte friends.

Mrs. Lewis Harvey will leave tonight for New York where she will join her sister, Mrs. Arnold.

Mrs. George Elliott departed last Friday for Washington, D. C., where she is visiting with friends.

Miss Helen Ceader is visiting in Altoona over Thanksgiving, being a guest at a house party.

George T. Bush was among the throng that went to Pittsburgh yesterday to attend the football game.

Mrs. William Brown and son departed yesterday for Pittsburgh where they will visit for a time with another son.

Mrs. W. C. Cassidy will leave tomorrow for Philadelphia where she will visit for a time with Mrs. Thomas Moore.

James Noonan returned home last Saturday from Williamsport and has recovered nicely from his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider were arrivals home on Tuesday from Atlantic City, where they had been spending a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morris, Jr., and the Misses Barnhart departed yesterday for Pittsburg, where they will enjoy their Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Furst and little son, Austin, departed yesterday for Williamsport where they will enjoy Thanksgiving with Mrs. Furst's mother, Mrs. Emeline Harrar.

Hassel Montgomery departed Tuesday night for Philadelphia where he will spend Thanksgiving. He will remain over for the Army-Navy football game in New York on Saturday.

Wilbur Burkholder, who has been the assistant ticket agent at Bellefonte station for the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been promoted to the agency at Philipsburg. Mr. Burkholder went to Philipsburg last Friday evening to take up his new work.

The Aid Society of the Presbyterian church, will hold a Christmas sale in the Chapel on Thursday, December 9th. Home-made bread, cakes, pies and candy, as well as aprons and fancy work, will be on sale.

M. S. THOMAS, Secy.

Bellefont Lodge, No. 206, Loyal Order of Moose, enjoyed a stag dinner last Saturday evening, shell oysters, roast turkey and sauer krout being on the menu. About 140 members were present. Informal addresses were made by Judge-elect Henry C. Quigley, Dictator Alexander Tanyer, T. H. Harter and others.

With the promotion of Wilbur Burkholder to the position of Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agent at Philipsburg, John Sholl has been advanced to the post of assistant ticket agent at the Bellefonte office. John is genial and popular and will easily make good in his new position. J. M. Scheile, of Philipsburg, has been appointed a clerk in the local office.

On Wednesday, November 17, at the Bellefonte Lutheran parsonage, Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, Russell H. Kunes, of Blanchard, and Miss Ella Mann, of Beech Creek, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The newly married couple have the hearty congratulations and best wishes of many friends.

Mrs. Carrie Nolan and Mr. Bernard W Ness, the latter of Johnstown and at present employed as a carpenter at the new penitentiary, were married last Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thomas, on Half-moon Hill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Hugh MacLeod, pastor of the United Brethren church. The congratulations and best wishes of many friends are extended the newly married couple.

The United Brethren are observing a Home Mission Week from November 14th to 22nd. Rev. J. S. Fulton, D. D., of Johnstown, Allegheny Conference Superintendant, will conduct the Quarterly Conference on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Next Sunday, 22nd, Rev. T. H. MacLeod will speak on "American Civilization" at the morning service and Mr. Darius Waite will speak on "Home Missions" at the evening service. Mrs. MacLeod will also sing a selection.

Bellefonte Academy won a hard-fought football game from the Penn State scrubs on new Hughes field last Saturday afternoon. The score was 7 to 0, but this hardly shows the superior strength of the Academy eleven. The latter were much faster than the heavy Penn State team and at times put up a game that was brilliant. This marked the last game of the season for the Academy and the boys have the satisfaction of knowing that they closed their schedule with a record of which they might well be proud.

F. W. Crider has purchased a new Hupp-Yates electric car.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Meek and children are spending Thanksgiving in Pittsburgh.

The adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford will be a regular Monday night feature at the Scenic.

Harvey M. McClure was home from Oil City to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McClure.

Dr. M. J. Locke and Colonel Hugh S. Taylor expect to be in New York for the Army-Navy football game on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Glenn and grandchild, of Alda, Nebraska, have been enjoying a visit in Bellefonte with Charles Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Smith, of State College, were arrivals home on Tuesday morning, after visiting for several days in Philadelphia.

Postmaster Allen S. Garman, of Tyrone, formerly of Bellefonte, last Saturday received a new seven passenger 6-cylinder Reo car.

Otto Corman departed on Monday for Northumberland, where he will be employed as a locomotive fireman for the the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held today in the Presbyterian church. The sermon will be by Rev. E. Fulcomer The offering will be for the Bellefont hospital.

The fall tests at the Bellefonte Academy closed last Friday and the Thanksgiving vacation begins today and continues until next Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Sheriff-elect George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, was a visitor in town on Tuesday. He has chosen Harrison Kline as Deputy Sheriff and Clement Dale as Sheriff's counsel.

Charles Kellerman, who has been in the employ of the State-Centre Electric Co., yesterday embarked in business for himself and will take contracts for electrical repairing, wiring, etc.

Headmaster James R. Hughes, of the Bellefonte Academy, was among the number from this place to go to Pittsburgh for today's big football game between Penn State and University of Pittsburgh.

Gossip in the Court House corridors has it that George Robb, of beyond Colevile, famous as a host at numerous old-fashioned butcherings, has been favored by Judge-elect Quigley with an appointment as a tipstave.

George Knisely, Don Wallace, Leo Toner, Robert Walker, Max Gamble, Ivan Walker and a number of other local football enthusiasts are in Pittsburgh today for the big game between Penn State and University of Pittsburgh.

A large number of Penn State students went to Pittsburgh on a special train yesterday to take in the annual clash between the Penn State and University of Pittsburgh football elevens today. The special will not return until Sunday.

Isaac Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J Thomas Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. John Porter Lyon and son, George, will enjoy their Thanksgiving at Lewistown, where a family reunion will be celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Mitchell.

Mrs. M. C. Gephart has returned to Bellefonte after an absence of three weeks, having been called here by the illness of her husband. The latter is improving rapidly and soon will be about as usual. Mrs. Gephart has re-opened her "Corset Shop" at the corner of High and Spring Streets.

On Saturday, December 4th, 1915, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa., the administrator of Laura E. Williams, deceased, will offer at public sale two properties belonging to said estate situate on Reynolds Avenue. Both of these properties will make either a desirable home or a good investment.

Charles P. Hewes, Esq., of Erie, formerly of Bellefonte, spent several days in town recently, appearing as counsel in a case in argument court. He returned to Erie yesterday and was accompanied by his son, Creswell, who is a student at the Bellefonte Academy and who will visit at his home over Thanksgiving.

Two or three years ago Henry Shenk, of Lebanon, very generously presented to the Bellefonte Academy a number of handsome blankets for the members of the football eleven. Last Saturday evening one of the large blue blankets, bearing the big letter "B" in gold, mysteriously disappeared and since has not been located. Headmaster James R. Hughes is particularly desirous that the blanket shall be restored and will pay a reward for its return or information that will enable him to secure it.

Bellefonte High School and Bellwood High School played a tie game at football last Saturday. The score was 6 to 6. Although the local boys did not score more points than Bellwood they deserved the plaudits of the spectators, for the Bellwood eleven was made up of much older and heavier players. It was a matter of public comment after the game that some of the Bellwood players had been out of school for several years and now are employed in the railroad shops. However, the game was hotly contested and the result was always in doubt. Bellefonte High School has put up a fine showing throughout the season just closed and each member of the eleven, together with Coach Locke, is to be heartily congratulated.

Frederick Daggett is visiting relatives in Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. Marilla Dawson is visiting with friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon are spending Thanksgiving in Ebensburg.

Mrs. George Kerstetter, of Harrisburg, visited here on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Yeager.

Mrs. A. O. Furst entertained with a dinner on Tuesday evening. Wild turkey was on the menu.

Judge-elect Henry C. Quigley and J. Linn Harris went to Pittsburgh to take in today's football game.

Miss Mary M. Blanchard will leave tomorrow for Philadelphia, where she will hold a basket sale in the Alpine Hotel.

Mrs. McMillen, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. L. Spangler for the past month, leaves on Friday for her home at Dayton.

Mrs. Joseph Lose and son, of Philadelphia, were arrivals here this week to visit over Thanksgiving. Joe will arrive here today.

Mr. and Mrs. James Davis and child, of Tyrone, are spending Thanksgiving with Mrs. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gherrity.

Mrs. Samuel Taylor and daughter, of Bridgeport, Conn., were arrivals in town yesterday to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor.

Mrs. James B. Lane entertained Tuesday night with five hundred for Mrs Richards' guests, Mrs. Hibbs and Miss Hibbs, of Norristown.

Mrs. Alexander Cromer, who had been visiting with her father, W. Homer Crissman, returned last Friday to her home in Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Heverly, of Duncansville, were arrivals in town Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with the former's sister, Mrs. Thomas Howley.

Mack's Associated Players will be at Garman's Opera House all of next week. Specialties between acts and change of program every night. Popular prices.

Miss Mary Gallaway, of East Ranford, Va., was an arrival in town on Wednesday to visit with her grandmother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris, until after Christmas.

Mrs. Anna Taylor and grandson Frank, departed yesterday for Pittsburgh. Frank will return in a few days, but Mrs. Taylor will remain for probably a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Kennedy, of Belleville, who had been visiting here for a few days with Mrs. Kennedy's sister, Mrs. Charles Brachbill, returned home on Monday.

Miss Smith, of Philadelphia, has been visiting here with Mrs. Edmund Blanchard. The latter entertained with a dinner in Miss Smith's honor at the Country Club last Friday.

At the public sale of the property of the late John Woods estate, nearby Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the farm of about fifty acres sold to Elias Corman for $6240. Two houses sold for $500.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Twitmire departed on Wednesday for Millersville to spend Thanksgiving with the former's daughter, Mrs. Pickle, and before returning home they will visit in Lititz, Sunbury and Williamsport.

Bert Smith recently purchased the Bickel property, located on the road to Zion, and will take possession in the spring. He will engage in trucking. For some time past he has been employed by the Bellefonte Lumber Co.

Joseph J. Carpeneto, who has been with Louis Carpeneto for many years, this week opened a cigar store and shoe shining parlor in the Crider stone building. Full line of cigars and candies on hand. Separate room for shining ladies' shoes, also ladies' rest room.

Memorial services will be held by Bellefonte Lodge of Elks in Petriken Hall at 2.30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon December 5th. The address will be by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church. The public is respectfully invited.

The Panther Hunting Club departed today for their annual camp. In the party were Henry Kline, William Brouse Recorder-elect William H. Brown, Edmund Blanchard, William C. Cassidy, James Clark, Linn McGinley, Charles Osmer and Dave Washburn. They will camp twelve miles beyond Orviston and remain two weeks.

Monday marked the sixty-eighth birthday anniversary of Colonel Emanuel Noll and that evening a number of neighbors and Civil war comrades assembled at his home to do him honor. The Colonel is the genial and ever-obliging baggage agent here for the Pennsylvania Railroad. His friends are legion and they all join in the hope that he may live to enjoy many more years of health, happiness and prosperity.

Congratulations to the Bellefonte High School and Bellefonte Academy football elevens on their enviable records during the season just closed. Both teams came through with flying colors. Each demonstrated not only its ability in playing the game but also in emphasizing that rowdyism is unnecessary to win. The two elevens were composed of clean, gentlemenly young men, and to their credit may it be said that neither gave cause on the field for reproach or stigma upon the players or the institutions they represented.

Miss Elizabeth Walker has been engaged as stenographer in the law offices of Harry Keller and J Thomas Mitchell. She succeeds Miss Winifred Gates, who becomes stenographer for Judge-elect Henry C. Quigley.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S. CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Left Us Well Provided For

ALL the long weeks he suffered after the accident his hospital expenses were paid and I got $50 a week, every four weeks, in addition because he had that ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

He'd had this policy a number of years. It cost so little we never missed the amount. When he left us, it was costing no more than when he first took it out, and all those years the insurance was increasing rapidly.

Baby and I have several thousand dollars now because of my husband's foresight. I shudder to think of what a frightful struggle life would be had he put it off until too late. The world looks none too kindly upon widowhood.

ÆTNA-IZE

—TODAY, while you're whole and strong. *Your* wife, *your* children, those depending on *you*, should be provided for. Call, phone, or write.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Philip Garfield, Mrs. Katherine Moser, Mrs. Flora Snyler and Francis A. Wolf. When called for please say advertised.

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS

Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College, Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S. H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Crider.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.
Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE

Big Reduction in Guns

Owing to the gunning season coming to a close we are offering the following guns at a big reduction in price.

One 32 Remington
One 38-40 Remington
One 30-30 Savage
One 38-40 Winchester
One 44-40 Winchester
One 30-30 Winchester
One 32 Special Winchester

The one gun store where you get real gun information.

MILLER'S

Allegheny Street BELLEFONTE, PA.

THANKSGIVING

Reasons for Thanksgiving

One of the things a great many of us can be thankful for this year is that we aren't being measured by an army tailor for a nice suit of khaki. Just the same---the approach of the holiday season ought to remind you that you need new clothes. An overcoat, certainly---perhaps a Tuxedo or a full dress---or just a good, serviceable business suit. Come in and browse around among our new

Adler-Rochester Clothes

You'll find reasons a-plenty for being thankful---for you've never been able heretofore to make your money bring you so much style and value in a suit or overcoat.

Young men who seek the extra smartness of youth in their clothes will find Adler-Rochester suits designed by a young man. Older men who want the more conservative styles are shown a wide variety of smartly correct garments.

The overcoat shown in the illustration is a fair example of the distinctive lines and all-round good looks of the Adler-Rochester Clothes. Let us show it to you.

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